PERUVIAN ADVENTURE PENNY LERNOUX

THE NATION

OCTOBER 19, 1974 50 cents

FINLAY LEWIS

PRESIDENTIAL PAPERS
AN ATTEMPT TO OWN HISTORY

The Idaho Yahoos
FRANK CHURCH &
THE BIRCHERS
Loch Johnson

Showcase Prisons
THE BEST ARE A WASTE
Robert Sommer and
Barbara A. Sommer

Solzhenitsyn's Political Philosophy
Paul Avrich

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LETTERS

death by rejection

Stillwater, Minn.

Scott Christianson presented the subject of suicide in prison ["In Prison: Contagion of Suicide," *The Nation*, Sept. 21], in a manner well calculated to stir the conscience of the people.

Fundamentally, suicide is the rejection of love somewhere within the structure of human interactions; apathy is the food upon which it feeds. Four days ago, just a few cells down from mine, a man hung himself. When the facts were investigated, it was discovered that the parole board had taken away a work release granted him a few weeks previous, with no apparent explanation as to why. This man was currently fighting to keep his children, whom his former wife wanted taken from him. He lost that battle too. Even though this man's life style was to suffer in silence, there were many outward signs of depression ignored by the institutional staff. It is not only a pity but a great tragedy.

Our next issue will feature an article on suicide with the hope that it will shake people loose from their complacency.

Leo A. Kampa, Associate Editor
The Prison Mirror

Bronowski's values

Miami, Fla.

J. Bronowski, noble, kind, brilliant, and a thinker of immense unifying prowess, should not have been eulogized by quoting him on violence [see editorial, *The Nation*, Sept. 7]. To leave the impression that he, like so many today, simply mouthed the platitude that we are a violent people and that violence is a healthy and good thing is to do him an injustice. His most important work is *Science and Human Values*; why not have quoted the following: ". . . the practice of science compels the practitioner to form for himself a fundamental set of universal values. . . ."?

Bronowski's major contribution, besides demonstrating the dignity of the unified life, was the philosophical link between the values of science and those of the democratic life. In this he stands with John Dewey, Bertrand Russell, Alfred Whitehead, Michael Polanyi, Isaiah Berlin and Paul Weiss as one of the major theorists on the meaning of democracy and on the universality of the altruistic values of scientific and humanistic endeavors.

Thorne Shipley

civil rights and church schools

Silver Spring, Md.

Theodore Hesburgh commendably speaks out for civil rights ["Civil Rights: Old Victories, New Battles," *The Nation*, Sept. 14]. Yet, on other occasions, as at the recent Associated Church Press Convention, he has advocated that all citizens be taxed to support parochial schools, which segregate children by creed and which serve so few black children proportionately that they contribute heavily to urban public school racial imbalance (as Hesburgh's U.S. Commission on Civil Rights pointed out only a few years ago). Do I detect a faint odor of hypocrisy?

Carl Hersh

Hofstadter in his generation

Washington, D.C.

In the absence, so far, of comment by scholars more eminent than I, or by those who knew Richard Hofstadter personally, I feel compelled to criticize Anthony Gronowicz's condescending retrospective on *The American Political Tra-*

(Continued on page 372)

EDITORIALS

The Cheerleader

President Ford's master plan for "whipping inflation," so keenly anticipated since the economic summit, will be minutely analyzed by the experts, but his specific proposals are not the point of immediate interest. Suffice it to say that the President's proposals are neither bold nor surprising; instead of presenting a "grand design" he has offered a small program of modest conception. As Edwin L. Dale, Jr. comments in *The New York Times*, "Shuffling $5 billion around in this huge economy cannot, by itself, have a major impact." The specific proposals are actually of less importance than the tone of the message. Flat and pedestrian, it was larded with pep-talk phrases about putting shoulders to the wheel, packing a punch, pitching in, and joining in a grand rally designed to "whip inflation now" by a process of incantation and ballyhoo. That the American people should be addressed by their President—even one they did not elect—in such a tone on an issue of such importance is itself a cause for concern.

The President it is said—and it will be repeated endlessly—is a man who "means well." In politics, this phrase belongs in the wistful category of "it might have been," mildly touching but pointless. He is also "sincere," but as the West Coast journalist Morrow Mayo once said, sincerity like virtue is one of the arts. And just how sincere is he? Appearance, tone and manner support the impression that he is direct, candid, forthcoming, a man who "levels" with people. He may be that kind of person but he manages to talk and act like a conventional politician. For example, he commends his own courage, in the manner of Richard Nixon, by saying that he would not play politics with the issue of inflation. But not only is the message political—a mixed bag of committee-dictated compromises—but the timing and mode of presentation are also emphatically political. To be sure, the President's hand was forced to some extent; he had to propose a program and he could not wait any longer. But he surely knew that the key proposal—the 5 per cent surtax—would provoke a storm of protest in the Congress with an election only weeks away. Neither Democrats nor Republicans show much enthusiasm for biting this bullet. So he proposed a measure, knowing the Congress would not act on it before the election and probably not at all this year. Was the purpose, then, merely to pass the buck to the Democratically controlled Congress, even at the expense of handicapping GOP candidates? It took no courage to propose this "grand design," made up of compromises calculated to cause minimal distress to the economically most powerful element of the President's constituency. Mr. Ford may be the gutsiest man in Washington, but his proposals for "whipping inflation" lend no support to this proposition.

In addition, the tone of the message constitutes an affront to that portion of the electorate—name your own percentage—which can be regarded as thoughtful. The opening reference to Franklin D. Roosevelt was grotesque; for whatever reasons, President Ford does not come on as someone who understands the problems, frustrations and needs of "the average man." FDR knew how to com-

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municate, not because he was a great orator but because he responded warmly to people. President Ford has advised us more than once that he is no Lincoln; hereafter he would be well advised not to cast himself in the image of a Roosevelt, for a Roosevelt—Theodore or Franklin—he also is not.

The Roosevelt bit can be condoned as a silly mistake. But the ballyhoo portion of the message is deeply offensive. In his bid for popular support, the President managed to sound like a college cheerleader on the eve of the "big game." The sloganizing was cheap and distasteful. Madison Avenue admen and Washington flacks should be able to turn out something more spine-tingling than "Whip Inflation Now."

The specifics of the appeal are absurd: cut the food you waste by 5 per cent; drive less; heat less; car-pool; wash in cold water. All this is worse than corny; it is insulting. Inflation is hardly more than an inconvenience to some elements in the economy; to others it is a source of quick profit. But to millions—to the vast majority—it is a bitter reality. Yet there is cold comfort in the Ford message for those hardest hit. The proposed tax relief for lower-income groups is not significant and the make-work proposals are utterly inadequate. What kind of jobs program is it to set 208,000 persons to raking leaves—and that only when the jobless rate averages 6.5 per cent?

The President has flubbed his first major challenge. Congressional reaction is largely negative; conservatives and liberals, Republicans and Democrats object to aspects of the program, if for different reasons. Mr. Ford offered a paste-up job. Congress must now take it apart, item by item, and produce something more closely resembling an action program. The President is right: the people want leadership. But leadership is more than slogans. Benton & Bowles, who invented the 1968 slogan, "Let's all be a little less piggy" (which a spokesman concedes was a "stinkeroo") will head up the Advertising Council's orchestrated attempt to "Whip Inflation Now"—with words. Patriotic citizens—and most citizens are patriotic—will resent being conned in this stupid fashion. But misleading slogans are worse than offensive; they can damage Presidential credibility no less than falsehoods and deceptions. As a salesman, the President does not come from the used-car lot, but he has attempted to sell us a package of used ideas, none of which have much merit. Mr. Ford may be "a nice guy," he may be "sincere" but he is not a leader, and this painful fact must now be faced by Congress, press and public. The President is modest about his proposals—there will be "no crash program." Modesty is an attractive quality but it need not correlate with idiocy. Even as a symbol, a badge bearing "the single word WIN" does not "tell it all," but it tells a great deal about the man who thinks it does.

The Malaise of Foreign Policy

That American foreign policy has become a shambles is a matter of common observation both at home and abroad. Neither the executive nor the legislative branch seems able to find a remedy; it is one of those something-must-be-done situations about which no one in author-

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1974 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year $15; two years, $27.50. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 219
No. 12

OCT 18 '74
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ity knows what to do, or can summon the courage to do it.

Experience has shown that the Congress cannot *conduct* foreign policy, even if that were the constitutional intent. It can exercise a degree of oversight; the Senate can confirm appointees or reject them, appropriations can be granted or withheld, but all that is marginal. The crucial decisions remain in the hands of the executive, and a degree of latitude is essential.

The problem becomes critical when the executive persists in adhering to a foreign policy that has failed or is failing. That happened in Indochina. After a certain amount of boggling, the Senate, followed usually by the House, can become so irked by the palpable ineptitudes of the policy that the members seek to intervene. A favorite means of intervention is the "restrictive amendment."

Restrictive amendments—seventeen or more—came thick and fast on the $2.5 billion foreign aid bill. Many were adopted on voice votes, and a symptomatic atmosphere of "frivolity" prevailed. It was as though the Senate and House said collectively: "Now look, you don't listen, you won't acknowledge failure and propose sensible corrective measures. Very well, we can at least tie your hands." So the Senate went on a binge. Cutbacks on aid to Turkey, Chile, South Korea, on the CIA's covert operations department were adopted, discarded, readopted or abandoned in *ad lib* fashion.

A lot of it was simply pre-election "showboating" for special constituencies, such as Greek-Americans, who outnumber Turkish-Americans. What with this and other motives that did the legislators no greater credit, it soon became predictable that the measure would be referred back to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. That would seem to defer any action this year, and certainly until after the November elections.

But a highly important point is involved here. Foreign economic aid must be considered in the context of foreign policy. Restrictive amendments are one way to express dissatisfaction or uneasiness, but they do not create a policy; they lead only to fragmentation. What is needed is a thorough overhaul of U.S. foreign policy. The existing policies, such as they are, have many critics, but few general alternative policies or creative policy assumptions have been forthcoming. Yet it is obvious that the premises of post-1945 U.S. policy demand re-examination.

Increasingly after 1945, U.S. foreign policy became U.S. military policy. However concealed, the military component was paramount. This has meant policy dictated by military considerations, reflecting the views of army and air force generals, and admirals, as well as the CIA, which is entrusted with carrying on a continuous secret war. These military or paramilitary officials press their views and attain their objectives largely through more or less acquiescent civilian functionaries.

William Rogers as Secretary of State is an example of an only partly subservient official. He opposed the wicked intervention in Chile. Henry Kissinger better represents the civilian in jackboots. His policy, like that of the reactionary 19th-century statesmen whom he admires, is based on the threat or use of military force against recalcitrant nations, especially small ones. He went along with the invasion of Cambodia, the Christmas bombing of North Vietnam, the worldwide military alert at the time of the Yom Kippur war, and the "destabilization" of the Allende regime. It is easy to see why, under such a President as Nixon, Rogers was a figurehead Secretary of State while Kissinger exercised the powers of the office.

It is inherent in the nature of such foreign policy making as Kissinger's that its successes are ephemeral. Not that Kissinger is alone in this respect; he has plenty of predecessors, both here and in Europe. At the time of the Truman Doctrine, critics tried to point out that the Greek and Turkish rulers were more likely to suppress their respective populations and turn U.S.-supplied arms against each other, rather than against a highly improbable Soviet invader. The critics proved to be prophets. Now the debris of a mistaken policy clutters the landscape.

What is needed is a foreign policy based on political realities, in which the military implementation is conditional and subordinate. Most of today's foreign policy problems cannot be dealt with by military or paramilitary means—showing the flag, sending the fleet, or making thinly veiled threats. The input, to use the current phrase, must be radical political thought, meaning that personnel must be consulted who know something about the world in which we live, at the grass roots, in the boondocks, and who can foresee the critical economic and social developments. The malaise of U.S. foreign policy is far too serious to be cured, or even ameliorated, by restrictive amendments and *ad hoc* opposition.

The 'Honorarium' Industry

The saying is that the more corrupt a country, the more laws it needs. The Senate and the House of Representatives have just provided a small demonstration.

"Honorarium" is the Congressional euphemism for speaking and writing fees. Last year, about three-quarters of the 100 Senators, and two-fifths of the 435 Representatives did some business in this line. No less than twenty-seven Senators received more than $15,000 apiece. The biggest earner was Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey, with fees of $65,650. All told, sixty-three Senators received considerably more than $1 million. Only four Representatives were in the $15,000-plus bracket, and the total for the 189 House members was only $210,619. The House doesn't like this disparity at all, and that was a factor in its version of the campaign finance bill which, after a House-Senate conference, set a limit of $1,000 on the amount any federal official can accept for a single speech, article, or appearance, for a total of not more than $15,000 in any year.

The unavoidable question is why the imposition of these limits became necessary. It is obvious that Senators and Representatives must and should address groups to clarify positions, explain legislation, answer questions, etc. The objections arose because the practice had become a lucrative form of moonlighting for a good many Senators, and one cause of the chronic absenteeism which has become a scandal, especially in the Senate. Moreover, some of these honorariums have come from trade associations and business organizations which are simply giving "walking-around money"—to friendly legislators—conflict of interest in the guise of unrelated emoluments.

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Although the focus is currently on members of Congress, other federal officials are guilty of the same practice. At bottom, what is most disconcerting about it is the insensitivity of people who are supposed to be, and act like, public servants. These fees are not corrupting per se; taking a few hundred dollars from a college audience, for instance, may be not only harmless but edifying for the audience. What is disgusting is that some of the worst offenders cannot see what is wrong with abusing the practice. The *abuse* is the problem, and the abuse arises from an obsolescence of principle. It would be better if such matters could be regulated without rules and restrictions, with each individual acting in accordance with his own standards of conscience and decency. Earl Warren, for instance, had such standards; he would not accept fees for speaking engagements. In the absence of such self-restraint on the part of a substantial number of persons who should be setting an example, laws must be passed which are humiliating not only to the offenders but to the country as a whole.

'Dear Ronnie'

As the end of his second term approached—and the regular legislative session was ending—Gov. Ronald Reagan went on a veto rampage, no doubt as a means of giving the back of his hand to legislative critics. With a reputation for being highly sensitive to legislative "slights," he apparently built up a long list of grievances against particular legislators. On one day alone he vetoed 174 measures, many of these vetoes being characterized as "vindictive." Included were measures giving senior citizens a property tax break, a public housing measure, an appropriation for child care centers, a child labor bill, a $75 million boost to California schools, and a measure granting unemployment compensation to 225,000 farm workers (not all farm workers by any means). But he did sign some bills—for example, one to outlaw pay toilets in state buildings, a measure which would seem to mark the outer boundary of the Governor's social conscience.

Having thus given vent to his feelings, the Governor left on a five-day cross-country political speaking tour. In Council Bluffs, Iowa, he told a jam-packed high school gymnasium audience that Iowans had wisely chosen "the work ethic over the federal handout." Thunderous cheers from an audience of farmers optimistic about their prospects of getting $45 an acre drought relief payments from the federal government. As to raising taxes to curb inflation it would be like "telling a drunk another drink will sober him up." Wild laughter. Down in Pampa, in the Texas Panhandle, in a grove of cottonwood trees, the Governor told an audience of oilmen that if the government should decontrol crude oil and natural gas prices, it would send a message to those pesky Middle Eastern oil sheiks that would get about the same attention "you get from a mule when you hit it with a 2-by-4." Delirious applause.

As to how the Governor deals with giveaways, a story in the *Los Angeles Times* (October 2) provides an interesting example. The Sand and Sea Club, a private organization, has for some years leased a parcel of state-owned land for which it pays $45,000 a year rental—less than a third of what the Auditor General thinks it should be. There is also a serious question as to whether the arrangement constitutes "an improper use of state land." But when efforts were made to terminate this cozy arrangement, a rich lady who had contributed $17,000 to the Governor's re-election campaign in 1970 wrote a "Dear Ronnie" letter—she is an important figure in the club and in the social life of Beverly Hills—and that did it. The Sand and Sea Club members will enjoy their privileges at least until 1981.

Down in Arkansas the Governor, who is obviously running hard for something, declined to issue "a Sherman-like statement" about 1976. When asked why, he replied: "Well, I didn't fall off a bridge." Dear Ronnie has a nifty way with those one-line gags but maybe he should resume his acting career or fall off a bridge. Don't be surprised, though, if he heads up some kind of "movement" in 1976—perhaps a movement to outlaw pay toilets in federal office buildings.

Tops in Brutality

Irvin S. Cobb described the typical fight fan as "the soft-fleshed, hard-faced person who keeps his own pelt safe from bruises, but whose eyes glisten and whose hackles lift at the prospect of somebody else whipped to a soufflé." What would he have thought of *dogfight* promoters and fans? Boxing is a recognized sport, and even in its professional form is engaged in voluntarily. Pugilists rarely kill each other. Dogfights are often to the death, and even when one of the dogs "curs out" he may die anyway, either from his wounds or because his owner no longer has any use for him.

Professionally staged dogfighting, though illegal in all fifty states (in England it was outlawed a century ago), is spreading from coast to coast. The number of promoters and patrons is estimated at 4,000 to 5,000. Localities in which the "sport" is flourishing include Southern California and parts of Florida, Illinois, Oklahoma, Massachusetts, Indiana, Pennsylvania, the New York City metropolitan area and, especially, Texas.

Wayne King describes the Texas dogfight boom in *The New York Times* (September 16). The owner of a champion fighting dog in Dallas was willing to talk on condition of anonymity. "I'll tell you one thing I always see at these fights," he confided, "and that's pistols." Last December 30 an editorial in one of the dogfighting magazines (their mailing lists are secret) deplored the gangland-type slaying of two prominent *aficionados*. Such behavior, the magazine suggested, could give dogfighting a bad name. In another incident, four shots were fired into the car of a volunteer humane investigator.

The Chicago Tribune and *Portland* (Me.) *Evening Express* have joined in the attack on professional dogfighting and a good deal is now known of what goes on. Fighting dogs are either pure-bred Staffordshire bull terriers or "Staffs" crossed with bull mastiffs. The training regimen is rigorous. Puppies selected for aggressiveness are given kittens to kill (fifteen to twenty are a week's supply) and later small dogs. According to one expert's estimate, an average fighting dog kills 100 cats and dogs during training.

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Many of the "conventions" are small, but a big one, held in a barn or warehouse, will draw as many as 500 spectators, who pay an admission charge, collected by the promoter, of between $3 and $10. A fight card for a big meet may consist of six to ten matched sets of dogs, and bouts last from twenty minutes to 2½ hours. Dogfight fans think of themselves as good, virile Americans who believe it is natural for dogs to want to fight and "die gloriously." Women, even children, attend some of the meets. Beer is sold and occasionally whiskey, and prostitutes circulate at the big meets which, even without this added patronage, fill up the local motels. The police are paid off in advance and security arrangements are elaborate. As one would expect, gambling is heavy. Bets may run as high as $20,000 on a single match, but a few hundred dollars is nearer the average, and at small meets $5 to $10 is offered and taken.

At this stage it is impossible to say whether the spread of dogfighting evidences further deterioration of the national character or is just an offshoot of the mania for sports and gambling. Either way, it is a national disgrace and since state laws have proved inadequate, federal legislation, introduced by Rep. Peter N. Kyros of Maine and Sen. Harrison A. Williams of New Jersey, joined by Sen. Lowell P. Weicker of Connecticut and others, deserves support.

THE IDAHO YAHOOS

FRANK CHURCH & THE BIRCHERS

LOCH JOHNSON

Boise, Idaho

As cars streamed into the stadium lots for the first football game of the fall season in Boise, Idaho, they were greeted by young Volunteers for Church and Andrus (Cecil Andrus is the incumbent Governor). Each volunteer carried two sets of bumper stickers: "Church for Idaho" in red, white and blue and "Andrus" in bold white letters against a blue background. Church is seeking a fourth term in the Senate and Andrus a second term as Governor. Both Democrats, they are doing much of their campaigning in tandem.

In the East Lot a co-ed knelt at the rear of each car, peeling the stickers and smoothing them side by side on the bumper. The few who declined the stickers did so politely, until the twentieth car. After accepting "Andrus," the driver's heavy, buckskin-clad wife stormed against Church. "How can a sweet gal like you be for Church?" she asked. "Are ya really for Church?"

"Sure. What's wrong with him?" replied the co-ed, curious but chiefly seeking diversion from the kneel-peel-and-smooth routine.

"Have ya heard of the Seabed Treaty! You better look inta that Church. He's just like Nelson Rockefeller. They're both out to destroy this country."

The Seabed Treaty. It is not a normal topic of conversation for Idahoans, but it does appear in a long litany of charges leveled against Church in a pamphlet prepared and circulated throughout Idaho by the John Birch Society. Recently some legislators, including Church, had discussed the possibility of financing the United Nations with mineral rights from international waters. The Birchers fear this so-called Seabed Treaty proposal as a pro-Communist plot to subjugate American oilmen and fishermen to the whims of an incipient World Government. Anyone not sharing their antediluvian perspective on world affairs is an enemy, and this year they intend to do something about their enemies.

At the top of its enemies list the Birch Society has placed three incumbent U.S. Senators; they are all Democrats and were all "doves" during the war in Vietnam. One is Mike Gravel of Alaska, whom the Birchers despise for reading the Pentagon Papers on the Senate floor. C.R. Lewis, a member of the Birch Society national executive board, has won the Republican nomination for U.S. Senator in Alaska and faces Gravel in November. Another is Alan Cranston, whose record of pro-Communist activities, according to the Birchers, is "longer than an income-tax form." But the prime target is Frank Church.

The Birch Society sees a rare opportunity in Idaho this year. The state's fiercely independent voters have shown signs of a pronounced shift to the right. In 1972 John Schmitz, the right-wing Presidential candidate (American Party), won his largest vote in Idaho—almost 10 per cent. Andrus and Church are the only Democrats left in the upper ranks of Idaho politics. In 1972 a right-wing Republican with strong Birch ties was elected to Congress, joining a similarly inclined U.S. Senator (McClure) elected two years before. Earlier this year the other incumbent Congressman, a moderate Republican friendly toward Church, was defeated in the primaries by a conservative Republican who is now favored to win the seat in the general election—if he can survive current investigations into his campaign financing.

In short, Birch-oriented politicians have a good chance to dominate the Idaho delegation in the next Congress, at least numerically. The major obstacle to a clean sweep for the Birch Society is Idaho's senior Senator, and they believe that he is vulnerable. Not only is Church's voting record generally liberal but, unlike the popular newcomer Andrus, he has been in politics eighteen years and has

Loch Johnson is a political scientist at present on leave from Ohio University to observe the Idaho Congressional elections. He has contributed a chapter on Senator Church's foreign policy to A Psychological Approach to Political Man *(Hermann and Milburn, editors) to be published by the Free Press early next year.*

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inevitably made some enemies. All of these years, moreover, have been spent in Washington where the decisions are more far-reaching and controversial than those faced by Idaho governors. Added to this is the almost inherent Idahoan distrust of the federal government, no doubt reinforced by Watergate.

The size of Idaho makes Church unusually vulnerable to a Birch attack. The voting population is relatively small (around 300,000) and concentrated, making it more susceptible to outside influence than would be the case in larger states. A reasonably effective attempt to persuade the California electorate to vote against Cranston would cost the Birchers $1 million at least. The California population is immense and mobile, and the advertising market is expensive. In California, $250,000 would buy a fair amount of media space and time in Los Angeles during the last week of the election; in Idaho, the same amount can finance an entire statewide campaign from beginning to end. If a quarter million dollars can make a dent in California, it can be decisive in Idaho.

An added Bircher incentive for focusing on Idaho is the realization that Church may soon become chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. He is next in line after aging John Sparkman (75) and Mike Mansfield (71), the Majority Leader. The radical Right views the prospect of the Church chairmanship as the disastrous resurgence of "comrade" Fulbright's pro-Communist policies. Now 50 years old, Church could lead the Foreign Relations Committee for the rest of this century.

The defeat of Church and Gravel—and possibly Cranston—would be a major coup for the John Birch Society and would serve, it believes, to intimidate other members of Congress. Thus far their tactics in Idaho have been twofold: to distribute their attack against Church's record and to support Church's conservative GOP opponent, Bob Smith.

More than 100,000 copies of the article attacking Church have already been distributed throughout the state, one for every postal patron in many areas. It originally appeared in *American Opinion* (March 1974), a monthly published and edited by Robert Welch, founder and head of the John Birch Society. The distortion, misrepresentation and innuendo displayed in the article demonstrate that the tactics of McCarthyism linger on.

The article begins with an attempt to discredit Church's early stand against the war in Vietnam by making him appear hypocritical. It quotes Church as saying in a 1965 speech that America's "commitments solemnly made must be kept, whether wisely or unwisely." However, the next sentence in his speech is conveniently omitted: "But there never, at any time, has been any commitment on the part of the United States to fight the war in South Vietnam." As columnist Jack Anderson has aptly observed, "This is a little like quoting Abe Lincoln as saying he would carry on his work 'with malice,' without adding the words 'toward none.' "

A second allegation is that Church enthusiastically endorsed Cesar Chavez, head of the United Farm Workers Union, who led the nationwide lettuce boycott. Actually, Church has consistently opposed boycotts against any farm products, and has been criticized by some Idaho liberals for not being more sympathetic to Chavez's fight on behalf of migrant farm workers. Church's vote at the 1972 Democratic Convention put the Idaho delegation on record in opposition to the Chavez boycott. The Birchers even suggest that Church would support a Chavez-led boycott of Idaho potatoes, which is as likely as a Kansas Senator declaring on *Meet the Press* that corn is hazardous to your health.

The Seabed Treaty is a favorite Birch target. From Church's point of view, the mineral resources that lie *beyond national jurisdictions* hold promise as an important source of revenue for the financially faltering United Nations. Funding the U.N. in this manner would permit a reduction in the substantial U.S. contributions to the organization, and release money that is badly needed for domestic programs. Of course, any proposal looking to improve the affairs of the U.N. is anathema to the Birchers. They term the U.N. a Communist organization; after all, several Communist nations are members. Simplistic deductions appear to be an identifying feature of extremist groups.

The most fanciful—and shameful—of the Birch allegations is the slur upon Church's administrative assistant, Verda Barnes. A daughter of Idaho pioneers and a government case worker on Capitol Hill for years, Mrs. Barnes is reputed by the Birchers to be the means whereby the Communists control Church. She *is* a mainstay on the Senator's staff, but for none of the reasons suggested by the Birchers. A fence-mender *par excellence*, her days are spent on the phone to Idaho, cultivating friendships for the Senator and smoothing the ruffled feathers that inevitably arise in any Senator's constituency. Her advice on Idaho political questions has been wise and helpful to Church; however, when it comes to foreign policy or any of the other issues which so provoke the John Birch Society, Frank Church makes up his own mind with little staff assistance.

The Birch article bases its slurs against Mrs. Barnes on the "research" of Frank (Francis A.) Capell, an *American Opinion* contributor. In 1965 Capell was indicted and pleaded no contest to a charge involving conspiracy to defame former Republican Sen. Thomas Kuchel of California with a phony allegation of homosexuality. Twenty years earlier, Capell was convicted on a felony charge for conspiracy to ask, accept and receive bribes during his service with the War Production Board.

The Church staff believes that, like the other Bircher allegations, this attempt to damage him by attacking Mrs. Barnes will fool only those who know nothing about the facts. They worry, though, about the many newcomers to Idaho who know little about Mrs. Barnes's integrity or Church's true position on the issues raised by the Society. The John Birch Society relies on the susceptibility of these new arrivals. Still, Church remains confident that the smear attempt will fail. "I have devoted all of my life to the service of my country both in war [Church won a Bronze Star in World War II] and peace," he recently told an impromptu press conference, "and Idahoans are much too fair-minded to be taken in by the efforts to taint me as some kind of pro-Communist."

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Bob Smith, the GOP and John Birch Society candidate against Church, is an easy ally for the right wingers. Though his speeches contain less of the rabid anti-communism typical of Bircher publications, he is foursquare with the Society on its other basic tenets—especially its hatred of collectivism and the federal government. Most of all, Smith fears the demise of the free-enterprise system in the United States, and he attributes its decline directly to the growth of the federal government. Anti-federalism, coupled with a relentless hunt for Reds, is the backbone of the Birch organization, too. What makes Smith an attractive spokesman for this and other right-wing groups is that he is sufficiently articulate, sophisticated and attractive to give his anti-federal philosophy considerable appeal.

With degrees in political science at the College of Idaho, theology at Northwestern, law at the University of Idaho, as well as a certificate in Chinese from Yale University, Smith has been a Methodist missionary in Malaysia, a practicing attorney in Idaho, and the manager of a successful Congressional campaign in 1972 for Rep. Steve Symms. Most recently, Smith was Symms's administrative assistant in Washington. (Symms is a favorite speaker at Birch Society gatherings and was the keynote speaker at the 1974 Birch Society banquet in Chicago.) Thus Smith combines the smoothness of an educated man, the "mixing" abilities of a preacher and some political experience.

In public Smith steers clear of some of the more bizarre Birch positions (e.g., Nelson Rockefeller is part of an "inner circle" out to control the world), and stresses subjects having a broader appeal: cutting back on federal taxes, red tape and bureaucratic regulations. Church, too, has anti-federal strains in his philosophy. He is against federal gun controls, for example, and in 1967 was the first to warn of the growing Caesarism in the White House. In fact, every Idaho politician has a healthy dose of anti-federalism; but whereas Smith and the Birchers are completely negative about government, Church sees the possibility of its positive use, as with Medicare and Social Security legislation.

Smith tells audiences that our way of life and possibly even the survival of modern civilization is in jeopardy since our tradition of free enterprise and limited government is under the most massive attack in history. "I am committed to devoting every ounce of my time and energy to *stop the stampede to socialism*" (one is reminded of Goldwater's phrase in 1964 about "stagnating in the swampland of collectivism"). Taking heart from recent Arkansas history, Smith is convinced that voters across the country will send other incumbents to join Senator Fulbright in the political pastures. "This year people are concerned with having too many incumbents who've been there too long," Smith told a meeting of the Nez Percé County Republican Central Committee. "They just want to get rid of career politicians." He promises to resign after two terms, if elected. This is a difficult dog to make hunt since many Idahoans understand the value of Church's seniority. As chairman of the Senate Internal Subcommittee on Water and Power, Church has successfully defeated several attempts to divert Idaho's precious water southward.

Church has other strengths which Smith will find difficult to combat. He has dotted the Idaho landscape with agricultural, conservation and sewer projects; he has assiduously cultivated constituent ties over the years, holding ombudsman-like "citizen conferences" in every county on a regular basis; and he is one of the nation's best orators and debaters. Church also has the usual advantages of the incumbent.

Smith, then, faces a battle, even if the political trend in Idaho is swinging to the right. Thus far he has condoned the Birch smear on Church and has even defended the Society as "a whipping boy to be attacked by liberal candidates who need to divert public attention from their own philosophies." This rigid tie to the Birchers goes beyond Smith's own deep-running doctrinaire conservatism. Members of the John Birch Society's national council are funding Smith's campaign and these dollars, apparently, are a strong binding adhesive. Also, Smith seems to be betting that the Birch attack will work its poison through the state.

So the battle shapes up as between a talented young conservative and a talented, experienced liberal. Whatever the outcome, the voters of Idaho are being offered this year a choice, not an echo. □

PERUVIAN ADVENTURE

GENERALS AS REVOLUTIONARIES

PENNY LERNOUX

Lima, Peru

There are three truths, runs an old Chinese proverb: yours, mine and the truth. It is an apt description of Latin America these days because so many seem to have a monopoly on the truth—the generals in Chile, Castro in Cuba and the Peronistas (all five versions of them) in Argentina. But nowhere is the truth so elusive as in Peru, where a six-year-old military government claims to have started a non-capitalist, non-Communist revolution—a claim hotly disputed by the Right, which describes the revolution as Communist, and by the Left, which denounces the regime as Fascist. It could be that none of these terms relate to what is actually taking place in Peru or for that matter anywhere else in Latin America. What is meaningful, or truthful, in a European or U.S. context does not necessarily apply in Latin America, yet these foreign terms still are used to explain behavior here.

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Chile's experiment in Marxist democracy certainly was a contradiction in Russian terms. Guatemala's democracy is simply an excuse for a police state. In Peru, the military regime follows neither the traditional right-wing philosophy of the usual dictatorship, be it Greek or Brazilian, nor could it be used as a textbook example of revolution. After six years in power, the military can point to several major reforms and some novel experiments in socialism, all carried out with a minimum of repression. Opponents are not lined up against a wall to be shot or dispatched to concentration camps; instead, they are deported. Capitalists and Communists, aristocrats and middle-of-the-road labor unions continue to survive, and Peruvians have no qualms about criticizing the government in the presence of foreigners. There have been no mass purges, nor is there much mass enthusiasm. Yet for all that, the Peruvian experience is revolutionary, at least in the Peruvian context. For the first time since the Spaniards enslaved the Inca Indians, Peru has a government dedicated to upgrading the standard of living of the illiterate, undernourished masses. With Salvador Allende's demise, it represents the lone surviving left-wing government on the continent, and because it is composed of generals, not civilians, that too is revolutionary in Latin American terms.

Historically, the armed forces, with the Roman Catholic Church and the landed aristocracy, have formed the tripod supporting the *status quo* in Latin America. The Church is no longer the monolithic caretaker of conservative interests, having been deeply split by the theology of liberation that emerged from the Latin American bishops' call for social justice at their historic meeting in Medellín, Colombia in 1968. The remaining supports are firmly in place, however, with the armed forces wedded to the aristocracy in such former democracies as Uruguay and Chile, as well as the traditionally military nations of Paraguay, Bolivia and Ecuador.

What makes the Peruvian *volte-face* so disconcerting is that, ever since independence from Spain, the armed forces have unquestioningly accepted their role as the "watchdog of the oligarchy." For most of this century, military *caudillos* have alternated with civilian ones to uphold the power of the large landowners and the coastal industrialists. There was the occasional maverick, of course, such as Pres. José Luís Bustamante y Rivero (1945-48), but the military soon put an end to his ideas of modest reform. Whether civilian or military, it mattered little to the mass of Indian peasants who their President was: the government inevitably served the interests of a small, powerful clique, those tall, white aristocrats, the "*gente de bien.*"

And how the government served them! One per cent of the property owners controlled 80 per cent of the arable land on some of the largest haciendas in the world. One family alone, the Gildemeisters, owned 1.1 million acres. In contrast, one-third of the landowners had less than 5 acres apiece. Many of the Indian peasants, a majority of the highland population, were virtual serfs, receiving a furrow or two of land to plant in return for year-long servitude to the estate owner. Illiterate, undernourished and sickly, the descendants of the proud Incas were reduced to the level of animals. Estates were sold with so many head of Indians, and the Indians themselves would identify their place of origin, not as a village or valley but by the name of the estate owner "to whom we belong." Conditions in the mines and the fishing ports were only slightly better. Down the Andes Mountains, in the metropolis of Lima, that "City of Kings," the slums spread southward across the gray sand hills, the illusory refuge of landless peasants in search of a better life. As on the estates, Lima's poor provided an enormous pool of cheap labor, with many of the richer homes employing a dozen or more servants, chattels, really, to be passed along from one generation to the next.

In Peru, as elsewhere in Latin America, it was the privilege of the rich to ignore the travails of the poverty-stricken majority. The trouble now is that the institution which for so long served their interests has been changing imperceptibly from aristocratic white to Indian brown as the upper classes forsook the armed forces for lucrative sources of income in industry and agriculture. Consequently, when the military went out to do battle with the landowners' enemies, in the 1962-65 Trotskyite peasant uprising in the Valley of La Convención, that was the last time it would serve as the oligarchy's watchdog. What the colonels and the generals observed in those stark Andean hamlets forced them to ask themselves for the first time in Peruvian history whom they were serving—the wealthy of Lima or the peasant families from which their own fathers had come.

If the rich were blind at the time, the middle class was no less so. Even today, when the former landowner can dispassionately discuss the reasons for the expropriation of his hacienda, the middle-class schoolteacher or small businessman fails to comprehend that the 1968 military coup was just as much a product of middle-class politics as it was of the injustices witnessed in the feudal highlands.

Like most Latin American countries, Peru has a small but burgeoning middle class which has clawed its way up the social and economic ladder. Along the way, it has adopted many of the attitudes of the upper classes, particularly the disdain for the highland Indians, although 52 per cent of the 15 million population is racially mixed (and that includes the middle class) compared to the 46 per cent that is pure Indian. One of the tenets of racial discrimination in Latin America, which is alive and flourishing no matter what Brazil's generals claim, is that the nonwhite, be he Negro or Indian, is incapable of making an intelligent political decision. There may be some truth in that, considering that most of the nonwhites have no access to education, are poorly fed and suffer a gamut of diseases from tuberculosis to smallpox. At the same time, the middle class is the most vociferous defender of democracy—just so long as those Indians don't get too close to the voting booth.

Foreign political analysts often observe that many Latin American countries are not ready for democracy—not at any rate, as it is practiced in Western Europe and the United States. (Peru's President, Gen. Juan Velasco Alvarado, could not agree more.) Certainly, there is ample evidence that, in Peru at least, democracy was a charade dominated by the rich with the acquiescence of a middle class willing to sacrifice ideals for political and economic

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advancement. Such was the case with the American Revolutionary Popular Alliance (APRA), one of the most influential Latin American political movements of this century.

When it was founded in 1924 by a young intellectual, Victor Raúl Haya de la Torre, APRA represented the first genuine attempt to apply Peruvian solutions to Peruvian problems. Nationalistic and left-of-Center, the movement emphasized collectivism for the highland Indians, in a latter-day attempt to copy Inca traditions, and an intensive education program for the workers to lay the foundations for a strong labor movement. Unlike the Communists, however, APRA wooed the middle classes in the coastal cities where economic power is concentrated. Such was its popularity among Indian peasants and factory workers in its early years that all efforts by civilian and military *caudillos* to eliminate the party, even at the cost of civil war, came to naught. Only electoral fraud and/or massacres by the military, such as occurred in 1931, prevented APRA from taking power.

From the seeds of the Peruvian movement grew the Latin American democratic Left parties so favored by the Kennedy administration as a possible panacea for social injustice and, worse, Communist revolution. Most of the democratic Left has since fallen by the wayside; only Venezuela and Costa Rica are governed by parties that still pay lip service to the old ideals. APRA, like most of the others, succumbed first to middle-age spread, then to the inevitable military coup.

In the three-way Presidential race of 1962, Haya de la Torre agreed to renounce his candidacy in favor of a retired general named Manuel Odría, a man who had ruled as absolute dictator between 1948-56, who had kept Haya de la Torre imprisoned in the Colombian Embassy in Lima for nearly five years, and who stood for everything APRA originally had opposed. The price of the betrayal? Odría promised to seat any Aprista Congressman elected.

APRA never collected because the military stepped in to annul the elections, perhaps not so much because their old enemies, the Apristas, would control Congress as because of their disappointment that the third candidate, Fernando Belaunde Terry, had failed to win. (He lost by a narrow 13,000-vote margin, which the military later claimed was an Aprista fraud.) Though few realized the implications, the traditionally reactionary military was here actively supporting a candidate who promised change.

Belaunde seemed to possess the basic credentials of a genuine reformer. An architect with a real grasp of the country's problems, he updated the old APRA platform to include agrarian reform, Inca socialism for the highlands and Western capitalism for the coast, a pluralistic society in which the backward Indian, the city factory worker, middle and upper classes would somehow forge a bridge between a feudal nation and a more equitable society. Thus when Belaunde's Popular Action party won the elections held the following year under the aegis of a military junta, democracy was given one last opportunity to enact meaningful reforms.

There was little doubt where the generals stood. Their experience in putting down the peasant uprising in La Convención had forced them to "ask ourselves what made them so brave," as one general recalled. "You can't win against the guerrillas unless you have the support of the people," the military decided. Gen. Edgardo Mercado Jarrín, now Peru's Prime Minister, made the same point in 1967 when he was still head of the national war college. Communism cannot be defeated as long as there are political and economic injustices, he warned. Therefore, the government must take steps to correct these imbalances to safeguard national security.

The politicians made the mistake of assuming that such statements were nothing more than the usual rhetoric and that the military could be fobbed off with some new toys, say eighteen Mirages. In fact, the concern for national security grew out of the officers' own experience of poverty, as well as the guerrilla confrontation in La Convención. Belaunde rightly surmised that the military considered agrarian reform a crucial test of his intentions. To weaken peasant support of the guerrillas, the military junta in 1962 had started a limited land-redistribution program in La Convención; the armed forces hoped Belaunde would expand the program throughout Peru. The large estate owners naturally opposed any change in the land-tenure system, but it was the middle-class Apristas in Congress who administered the *coup de grâce* by so emasculating Belaunde's proposed agrarian reform that during his five years in power only 2,625 peasant families received any acreage, and that mostly the poorest land available. The majority of his other reforms suffered similar setbacks.

When the military finally moved to unseat Belaunde in October 1968, his downfall came as no surprise. Even with impatient military officers in the cabinet, the Belaunde government seemed unable to move, paralyzed as it was by a querulous Congress and corruption so blatant that the President made no attempt to deny stories of bribes. Indeed, the fuse that lit the coup was the military's belief that Belaunde had authorized a sellout to Exxon's subsidiary, the International Petroleum Co. (IPC), in negotiations to resolve a long-standing dispute between the state and the company. When it was all over, Belaunde's Finance Minister, Manuel Ulloa, admitted that the President had given in too easily to outside pressures, including the U.S. State Department's lobby for IPC. If we had it to do over again, he said, we would expropriate the company.

It was not just IPC, however. It was the whole system the oil company represented, a system which allowed forty families to shape the nation's destiny and which gave U.S. companies control over 65 per cent of the gross national product. It was a system, finally, that overcame any of the idealism that had originally existed in the political parties. By 1968 Haya de la Torre was an obese old man talking vaguely about the Incas' social theories; Belaunde, a haggard shadow of his once dynamic self. APRA and Popular Action no longer represented the interests of the peasants and the workers, and partisan politics had simply become an excuse for nepotism and corruption.

Naturally, nobody believed the military's revolutionary rhetoric in the first weeks following the coup, as it is *de rigueur* in Latin America for a new regime to

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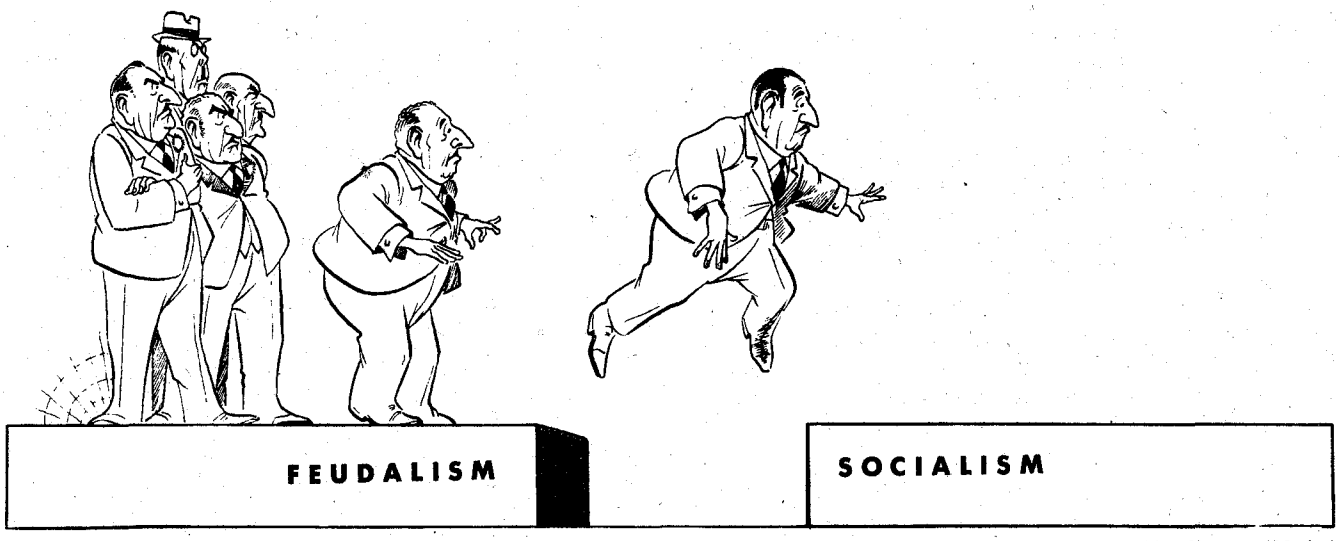

Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

proclaim its commitment to nationalism and the "people's welfare." Nor was there much consternation when the military expropriated IPC six days after the coup, since nationalizing an unpopular foreign company is also considered a good way to insure public support, at least until the generals have firm control over the situation. But the sweeping agrarian reform decreed on June 24, 1969 came as a profound shock to the landed oligarchy which had for so long kept the watchdog chained.

Unlike the politicians, the military refused to compromise or make exceptions, and all holdings greater than 375 acres, including the large coastal sugar plantations, were made subject to expropriation. The government also nationalized all water rights, thereby ending centuries of feudal injustice. In one sweep the military broke the political and economic power of the landed aristocracy; at the same time it took over the sugar plantations, 65 per cent of which were owned by foreign interests, mostly U.S. Since that historic date, which has been named "Day of the Rural Laborer," 175,000 peasant families have received 10.7 million acres of land. By 1975, when the agrarian reform is supposed to be completed, some 25 million acres will have been expropriated, affecting 72 per cent of the arable land in Peru.

As the estate owners predicted, the government's reform program has run into a lot of snags. Nevertheless, if Peru's agrarian reform is judged by the one yardstick accepted by all societies, capitalist or Communist, it has been a resounding success: agricultural production has not only not declined but has actually increased at an annual average of 1.6 per cent (this year's projection is for 4 per cent). That the government has always emphasized social justice over economic considerations makes the peasants' performance the more remarkable. Given the poor showings of other countries, such as Cuba, Mexico or Bolivia, the Peruvian experiment shines as the lone exception to Latin America's otherwise dismal experience in land redistribution.

In part, this is due to the military's insistence that large, efficient estates not be broken up into small uneconomic holdings, or *"minifundia,"* but be run as cooperatives or agrarian communities, the only difference being that the workers, not an absentee landlord, own the land. The highland Indians' pre-Columbian heritage of socialism has also helped to smooth over some of the dislocations. And of course the government has poured millions of dollars into rural infrastructure—education, technical supervision, credit and new strains of livestock and grains. Perhaps the most encouraging aspect of the Peruvian experience is its lack of rigidity, with techniques observed in Yugoslavia, Cuba, Israel and Spain being tried and applied wherever appropriate. Peru's generals have had the sense to learn from the mistakes of other countries. Thus, privately owned farms exist beside cooperatives and colonies. The only condition is that the landowner work his farm and that the size not exceed 375 acres.

For all the government's success in making the reform stick, however, it cannot decree what nature withheld: there simply is not enough arable land to go around. Even if farm holdings were reduced to half an acre per person, some 4.6 million peasants would remain landless. In one sense, therefore, the agrarian reform has divided the rural population into different classes, the "haves" who have benefited from the reform and twenty-five times as many "have-nots" without a furrow to their name. The social implications of this economic discrimination are only now beginning to dawn on the generals, and they are appalled by what they see.

On the showplace sugar plantations, for example, only workers who were employed full time before the expropriation are eligible to be members of the cooperative which owns the plantation, and to receive such benefits as free housing and year-end bonuses. The seasonal cane cutters and the neighboring peasant villagers together outnumber the co-op workers; they are, if anything, worse off under the agrarian reform, for they enjoy none of the cooperative's benefits and are no longer entitled to rent a few acres from the plantation. (Much of the communal land was illegally absorbed by the plantations, with the result that 26 per cent of the villages have titles but no land. There are endless land disputes between cooperative and village.)

Not surprisingly, there have been armed clashes between the haves and have-nots, not only on the sugar plantations but also in such land-hungry areas as the northern Piura valleys, where small farmers have armed themselves against land invaders organized into Commun-

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ist-led peasant leagues. The military is worried by the implications of such rural violence, but has yet to find the solution to the problem—possibly because there is none in the immediate future.

Programs are going ahead to absorb some of the landless masses. There are irrigation schemes to open up new areas to cultivation; colonization projects in the Amazon jungle, which covers 62 per cent of Peru's territory; and Yugoslav-style *"kombinats,"* enormous agro-industrial complexes which group cooperatives and private farms together to produce forage and livestock for dairy and processed-meat products. The complexes' sausage, meat, poultry and milk factories will provide jobs for the unemployed peasants and should eventually slow the migration to the cities.

But such projects take time and considerable investment, and do not provide short-term solutions. The government is already supplying 50 per cent of Peruvian capital investment. Meanwhile, the land invasions continue, along with migrations to the already swollen cities, bringing more problems in their wake. In any case, no agricultural program, however ambitious, can provide the final answer to rural overpopulation. The revolution that began in the countryside must be completed in the cities where the industries and the jobs are.

Possibly because so much attention was concentrated on the obvious injustices in the countryside, less thought was given to the urban areas, although the military admits that it is there that the revolution will succeed or fail. On the purely administrative side, the government has scored a number of successes by reorganizing the most chaotic industries, such as automobiles and fishmeal, to insure rational growth and economic stability. It has also encouraged new export industries, particularly for the six-nation Andean Group common market, and increased the manufacture of goods for local consumption. Because of sound management and the variety of exports, Peru's balance of trade showed a $90 million surplus last year and the gross national product increased by 5.3 per cent. The initial shock of IPC's expropriation having passed, there has been a resurgence of foreign investment ($556 million for 1972-74), although most of it has gone into the mining and petroleum sector or as supply credits for the construction of infrastructure, including hydroelectric complexes and a giant new fishing port at Bayovar on the northern coast. But while some new jobs have been created, industry is not expanding fast enough to produce the 130,000 jobs needed each year to accommodate new workers, much less absorb those already unemployed, who account for 30 per cent of the labor force.

As with the agrarian reform, the government's first experiments in workers' cooperatives have emphasized class differences. The industrial communities set up in 1970 are supposed to give the worker a progressive say in management, but in fact most of the workers are excluded as temporary help who do not qualify for co-op membership. Moreover, factory owners, in contrast to their rural cousins, have found infinite ways to circumvent the law.

To date, the average industrial community owns 20 per cent of its company's stock, but if the factory owners have anything to say about it, it will be a very long time before the percentage reaches the fifty-fifty mark. It all depends on whether the company shows a profit, and there are many ways to disguise that profit, such as an expensive advertising campaign placed with the new public relations agency of the owner's brother. Or a plant may lease equipment from a member of the family who does not figure as a stockholder in an accounting subterfuge designed to reduce assets and profits. "Most of the workers at my father-in-law's printing plant are too dumb to realize what is happening," explained one young man.

Disappointed by the "group egoism" so evident in the agrarian and industrial cooperatives, the military has brought forth a new brainchild that is supposed to form the foundation of Peru's mixed economy. Known as Enterprise of Social Property (EPS), this novel experiment in socialism and capitalism sets up wholly owned workers' companies that are financed by a stock market. An EPS comes into being when a group of workers get together to make motorcycles or thermostats, for example, and their project is approved by a semi-autonomous commission, thereby making it eligible for financing by the state development corporation, COFIDE. Once the initial capital is repaid, the EPS must be self-financing, primarily through a complicated system of stocks and bonds to be sold through the banks.

The EPS commission claims that it has received 100 applications for projects and that COFIDE has earmarked $200 million to get them started. Theoretically, an EPS should be able to attract private investment if it performs well. That is a big if, however, and it could well be that EPS firms will evolve into small parasites on the state-controlled basic industries, creating far fewer jobs than the government anticipates. Since the government controls the commission approving EPS projects and provides all the initial financing, the projects are open to charges of state paternalism. Even the most optimistic EPS supporters agree that it will take at least a decade to judge the success of the experiment.

Meanwhile, rural migration to the cities continues at the rate of 6 per cent per year, inflation is spiraling toward an annual 30 per cent, unemployment is growing, and the majority of the poor have yet to taste any fruits of the revolution. The government has one ace to play, however, and that is the income expected three to four years hence from Peru's vast mineral and petroleum riches. Seventeen U.S. companies are drilling in the eastern jungles, and construction of a 600-mile oil line over the Andes to the new Pacific port of Bayovar should be completed by 1977. According to Occidental Petroleum chairman Armand Hammer, Peru will shortly be producing 200,000 barrels a day, thereby becoming the third largest petroleum exporter in Latin America. Copper, too, is enriching the government treasury: it now provides 30 per cent of foreign exchange. The fourth largest producer in the world, Peru will increase its annual copper output by 170,000 tons when the Southern Peru Copper Co. (owned by Cerro Corp., American Smelting and Refining Co., Phelps-Dodge and Newmont Mining Co.) completes a $500 million expansion program in the Andean highlands in 1976.

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Unlike newly oil-rich Ecuador or Allende's Chile, the military in Peru has offered attractive terms to foreign companies in order to encourage investment in certain sectors. That may seem strange for a nationalistic government, but it, too, is part of this unusual revolution. The regime has expropriated a number of U.S. companies, but most were obvious targets, companies that "certainly would not have been allowed to operate in many Western democracies," as a Canadian technician pointed out. So despised was IPC, for example, that when it was taken over even the U.S. Chamber of Commerce in Lima petitioned the State Department not to take punitive action against Peru. Having bought generations of government officials, IPC had no friends left when the coup came.

W.R. Grace's sugar plantations were the next to go, followed by a Chevron refinery, some paper and chemical companies, several U.S. firms caught up in the reorganization of the fishing industry and, last January, the giant Cerro de Pasco copper holdings belonging to the New York-based Cerro Corp. Not wanting to push the Peruvians any farther left, Washington quietly let the IPC matter slide and eventually negotiated $76 million, financed by U.S. banks, to compensate the other companies. Cerro argued longest and hardest, but eventually gave in after considerable prodding in Lima and Washington. As part owners of the promising Southern Peru project, Cerro's stockholders probably figured one-fifth of the pie was better than none.

The United States is not exactly ecstatic about the military regime, although it does give the Peruvians high marks for agrarian reform. Like the plutocrats of Lima, it would prefer the more familiar trappings of the old democracy, corrupt but comfortable. The military, however, has no intention of turning over the government to the civilians, not at least until democracy works at the bottom in factory cooperatives and agrarian communities, and nobody can guess when that will be. Despite its disdain for traditional politics, the government early created its own political movement (though it would hardly describe it thus) in the National System of Support for Social Mobilization (SINAMOS), the initials of which spell "Without Masters" in Spanish. SINAMOS critics refer to the agency as SONAMOS, which means "We Dream" and that may be what the generals are doing.

SINAMOS' goals are to propagandize and provide training, financial and juridical support and aid in building infrastructure to peasant, labor and youth groups, as well as cooperatives and community action programs. With such a broad mandate, SINAMOS' 6,500 employees are naturally enough into everything—sugar cooperatives, highland agrarian communities, jungle colonies, public works, fishermen's unions, the factories and the slums. They are supposed to cut through the red tape that has been proliferating with new state enterprises and to form a bridge "between the bottom and the top"—all the while reducing the influence of such "class enemies" as the Apristas and the Communists. But more often than not, they don't know what they are doing. Young leftists for the most part, SINAMOS agents are sent into the countryside and the slums to talk up the revolution, most of the rhetoric for which is Marxist, though what SINAMOS and the generals really want, one is assured, is a pluralistic, non-capitalist, non-Communist, Christian society. The illiterate Indian peasant can hardly be blamed for being suspicious. How, for example, is he supposed to think for himself if everything depends on the state—the land he receives, the cooperative he is told he must join, or the fertilizer he needs for his crops?

To give SINAMOS its due, many of the top officials are aware of its shortcomings. Carlos Delgado, one of the most important civilian executives, admits, "We don't have enough trained people to interpret the revolution," but adds that "this is natural in any revolution that is new." Delgado also complains that the peasants continue to retain a "patron mentality." Nevertheless, the same pamphlets that tell SINAMOS agents to encourage the peasants to think for themselves consistently feature pictures showing the agent lecturing and the Indians listening. "The generals obviously do not want to replace one form of paternalism with another, even if it is enlightened," said an Israeli agronomist. "Unfortunately, their own training encourages them to treat the rest of the country as some enormous barracks." Nor has the highly increased bureaucracy guaranteed that orders will be carried out by the sergeants and the noncoms.

"There is a lot of idealistic talk in the ministries, but it is very different out in the boondocks," said a U.S. priest who for two years supervised an agricultural cooperative. "The peasants received credit from the bank for their crops, it's true, but after we sold the harvest, the bank always claimed there was nothing left over in profits for the peasants. So in effect the peasants on this cooperative are no better off than they were before the agrarian reform."

As the front line for the revolution, SINAMOS usually bears the brunt of the population's anger. The agency's headquarters have been sacked or stoned in Chimbote, Cuzco and Piura, and in some areas, heavily populated by migrant workers, SINAMOS representatives are referred to as "reactionary police agents."

The slum dwellers in Lima often take the same view, accusing SINAMOS of trying to drive them off the sand hills, most of which are private property, to herd them into government-controlled ghettos.

The military did not invent the slums; some of the "young towns," as the government has renamed them, date back several decades. But the generals have promised a revolution and, what is more, have given evidence that its time has come by ending the feudal land-tenure system. If the landless peasants and the slum dwellers feel it is their turn now, who can blame them? SINAMOS certainly has not been able to explain what it's all about.

If the revolution has a failing, it is this inability to reach out to the masses, but perhaps it could not be otherwise given the military's limitations and those of the people. Wary of the politicians who failed so frequently in the past, the generals have turned inward to their own institution, allowing only a few civilians into the magic circle of power. The give and take of civilian compromise has been replaced by the military's blind allegiance to orders from above, with the result that there is a growing

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tendency to misinterpret constructive criticism for counter-revolutionary plotting. Much of the red tape seems to be designed to insure monolithic thinking. Thus, taxi drivers are now required to take four different examinations to qualify for a license, including a psychological test which presumably will weed out the counterrevolutionaries.

Perhaps three years hence, when the new oil wells and copper mines begin to produce and there is more money to spend, some of Peru's myriad social problems can be solved (the housing deficit alone is 2 million units). Foreign and Peruvian economists agree that the revolution will be "over the hump" if the regime can hold out till then. Moreover, the revolution is expected to develop a more flexible approach when Velasco steps down in favor of his heir apparent, Gen. Francisco Moralez Bermudez, army chief of staff and a man respected and liked by the civilians as well as the military.

It is what happens in the meantime that worries the generals. With no obvious targets to attack, no IPC to expropriate, no sugar plantations to seize and the oligarchy firmly chained in apartments instead of mansions, the challenge now is to produce better trained government officials for the countryside and the slums, who can help the revolution spread from the bottom instead of being imposed from the top. There is nothing dramatic about this stage of the revolution; rather, it is a time of worrying consolidation.

Inflation, unemployment and rural violence are part of the government's preoccupations, but these problems in themselves are not sufficient to explain President Velasco's sudden decision to deport Popular Action leaders and former ministers in the Belaunde government, nor the seizure of eight Lima newspapers, including *El Comercio*, which actively abetted the 1968 coup. Firmly chained by a tough press law, the newspapers presented no more threat to the regime than did the discredited political parties. True, several of the newspapers spoke for conservative interests, but the papers at most could offer only muted criticism. By seizing the papers, the government alienated the middle class, too, and for the first time in the regime's six years in power there were massive demonstrations in middle-class sectors of Lima.

The move to silence the press stems in part from the military's dislike of civilian criticism, a characteristic that explains SINAMOS' failures. But the principal cause is the generals' well-founded fear that if the regime is deterred or, worse, overthrown, the revolution will falter and be thrown back, just as it was in Chile, although here civilian and military roles are reversed. Hypersensitive they may be, but the Peruvians also understand geopolitical reality. Thus when Belaunde's Finance Minister Manuel Ulloa strongly attacked the Peruvian Government in Brazil's tightly controlled press, the Peruvians reacted by deporting Popular Action leaders and, later, by taking control of the Lima dailies. Whether Ulloa and other Peruvian exiles living in Brazil were part of a Brazilian plot against the military regime can be questioned. There is no doubt, however, of the existence of a militantly anti-Communist axis composed of Brazil, Uruguay, Paraguay, Chile and Bolivia, all of which are governed by traditional right-wing military regimes that would be delighted to see the heretics in Lima overthrown. In this, they are and were supported by Belaunde's Popular Action and the conservative Lima press, if not by active plotting, at least by wishful thinking. It is the sort of thing that can upset a government that is having enough difficulty picking its way along the narrow ledge between capitalism and communism. □

PRESIDENTIAL PAPERS

AN ATTEMPT TO OWN HISTORY

FINLAY LEWIS

Washington

Mutterings of an ultimate Watergate cover-up are now being heard and in the background a debate is shaping up on the broader question of where title to the public papers of public servants properly resides. President Ford may indeed be the victim of his own good intentions—as some of his supporters maintain—but even his best friends concede that the Nixon pardon and the Presidential papers agreement were not actions taken in the interest of disclosing the full story. The immediate problem, of course, is the preservation of evidence for the Watergate cover-up trial and for other pending legal actions rooted in the crimes of the Nixon administration. For the time being, at least, it seems likely that Nixon's papers and tape recordings will be held in Washington, where Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski—and presumably others with a legal stake in the matter—will be free to cull any materials of evidentiary value.

Ford himself appeared eager at his September 15th press conference to reassure the nation that these materials would be safeguarded. He told reporters at that time: "The tapes and documents are still in our possession and we are, as I said a moment ago, working with the Special Prosecutor's office, to alleviate any concerns they have as to their disposition and availability."

The "concerns" alluded to by the President were not entirely baseless. Briefing reporters on the papers agreement, Philip Buchen, Ford's top legal adviser, had said on September 8 that the tapes would be moved to a government facility in California, close to the San Clemente compound, "as soon as we can get rid of, or modification of, the existing orders that require that they be retained here."

Finlay Lewis is a Washington correspondent of the Minneapolis Tribune.

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Despite Ford's assurances, the Senate has passed a bill that would retain federal custody of Nixon's records and the House is likely to follow suit. But, even so, there is no guarantee at this point that Ford would sign such a bill. And until he does, the agreement remains in effect with all its troubling implications.

The most astounding feature of the agreement is the provision governing the custody and destruction of the tapes. Very simply, Ford and Arthur Sampson, the General Services Administrator, have tamely acquiesced in a plan that would turn the nation's Watergate agony into a cruel mockery. Nixon, during the life of the agreement, would have almost total control over the tapes up to the moment when they are destroyed. In this way, Nixon would be able to write—or erase—the final chapter in the national quest for the truth about Watergate and other scandals of his administration.

For this and other reasons, the deal negotiated by Nixon for his records has rekindled a debate that, until recently, has been of only arcane interest to archivists and a handful of historians. The key issue centers on the question of public versus private ownership of Presidential records. The Administration, basing its stand on an opinion by Atty. Gen. William Saxbe, has come down on the side of private ownership. But the issue is by no means settled, and there is reason to believe that the proponents of the public's interest in the records of the Presidency will ultimately prevail, either in Congress or in the courts.

What is striking about the Saxbe opinion is the extent to which it relies on custom and tradition, rather than legal precedents, statutory law and the Constitution. The major thrust of the opinion is expressed by this sentence: "To conclude that such materials are not the property of President Nixon would be to reverse what has apparently been the almost unvaried understanding of all three branches of government since the beginning of the Republic, and to call into question practices of our Presidents since earliest times."

The opinion's reliance on the vague and ambiguous phrase "almost unvaried understanding" is not surprising. The fact is that no law of any sort has ever conferred on Presidents, or any federal officeholders, the right to cart off, sell, destroy, conceal, or publicize the records of their tenure. The case law on the subject is almost equally meager. The Saxbe opinion cites two Supreme Court rulings; one, dealing with the remote subject of oil leases on public lands, is cited to establish the proposition that unchallenged repetition of unauthorized acts creates a presumption of legitimacy. The other ruling employed by the Attorney General was written by Justice Story in 1841 in a case involving the exercise of a copyright over the papers of George Washington. Saxbe found the Story ruling supportive of the private ownership principle because of its conclusion that Washington's correspondence could be subject to copyright as personal property. On the other hand, Saxbe quotes—but does not comment on—language that seems to assert a counterbalancing public interest in certain kinds of letters. Discussing the restrictions that the government might place on the documents, Story wrote: "On the other hand, from the nature of the public service, or the character of the documents, embracing historical, military or diplomatic information, it may be the right, and even the duty, of the government, to give them publicity, *even against the will of the writers.*" (Italics added.) One wonders what the Justice might have said if the letters had contained evidence of one or more criminal conspiracies.

Saxbe also cites the Federal Records Act of 1950 and the 1955 Presidential Libraries Act as constituting "clear legislative acknowledgment that a President has title to all the documents and historical materials—whether personal or official—which accumulate in the White House during his incumbency." The Libraries Act, Saxbe notes, was supported by the archivist of the United States, who told a House subcommittee in 1955 that all Presidents since the Republic's beginning regarded the documents generated by their incumbency as their personal property. There is nothing in the opinion, however, to suggest that Saxbe or his underlings made any independent effort to determine whether the historical record supports such bald assertions.

But others have done so. M. B. Schnapper, a Washington editor and historian, has devoted the better part of a professional lifetime to asserting the public's right to own and control the books, documents, papers, sound recordings and other records generated by government officials in pursuit of their duties. Schnapper's guiding principle—and one invoked by almost everyone on his side of the debate—is disarmingly simple and to the point. Records, Schnapper says, that are prepared at public expense, on public time and in pursuit of public business belong to the public. Such records are, in a very real sense, the memory of the nation and, as such, constitute an inalienable part of its living history.

The "tradition" enshrined in the Saxbe opinion, Schnapper noted ironically in an interview with the *Minneapolis Tribune,* is one that has been shrouded in deception and secrecy. "This tradition," he said, "has been *sub rosa* from the beginning. No one has stepped up and said forthrightly, 'I'm going to take all these records home with me when I leave the White House and no one is going to be able to see what I was up to for these last few years.' " Beyond that, Schnapper argued that the tradition itself is far more ambiguous than Saxbe suggests and that, in addition, the Nixon arrangement violates three provisions in the Constitution.

Some early Presidents took their papers home with them when they left office because the young nation had not made any provision for their safekeeping in a public facility, Schnapper said. Many of the documents in question during that period "pertained to fairly intimate and relatively unimportant matters." In the case of twelve Presidents, White House records were deposited with the Library of Congress without "any *quid pro quo* deals." The Presidents were Jackson, Van Buren, Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson and Coolidge. Moreover, John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Fillmore, Buchanan, Hayes, Hoover, FDR and Kennedy "made no effort to cash in on their papers" when they were turned over to various historical societies and libraries.

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Beyond this rather mixed bag of past practices lies the Constitution with its provisions governing the disposal of government property, the copyrighting of government documents and the conduct of the Presidency. Thus, the constitutional provision prohibiting a President from receiving "emoluments" other than his salary would be violated if a President were able to sell official documents at a profit, Schnapper said. And if that's true, Schnapper argued, there is no logical basis for assuming that an ex-President acquires property rights that were denied him while in office.

Saxbe describes this objection as "circular . . . except insofar as it apples to the blank typing paper and materials upon which the Presidential records are inscribed. For the records themselves are given to the President as an 'emolument' only if one assumes that they are not the property of the President from the very moment of their creation." But in rebuttal to that view, it seems clear enough that the unique value attached to Presidential records is a function of the office and not of the individual who creates them. If so, then the President who takes records with him acquires an asset whose value is intrinsically public. In that sense, Presidential papers, if viewed as private property, constitute an emolument unique to the office of the Presidency. Nelson Rockefeller, the nominee for Vice President, appears to have felt the force of that argument when, on leaving the governorship of New York, he had made (at his expense) a complete microfilm record of all of his official papers, and left the originals in the Statehouse files.

Another article of the Constitution grants Congress the power "to promote the progress of science and the useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries." Said Schnapper, "In view of this very clear phrasing, officially generated writings, official records of governmental affairs can hardly be considered private property." Congress has clarified the situation further by enacting Section 8 of the Copyright Act which says, "No copyright shall subsist . . . in any publication of the U.S. Government." It seems evident from the language that government documents—an imprecise term which may or may not include Presidential records—cannot be regarded as private property.

A third constitutional provision gives Congress the sole power to dispose of property belonging to the United States. Schnapper said flatly that "Congress has never enacted a law sanctioning the ownership of official documents by ex-Presidents." So sure was he of that statement that he publicly offered a $1,000 reward last December to anyone who could point to a law permitting official documents to be taken as personal property. The reward was never collected.

As for the Presidential Libraries Act, Schnapper's research has turned up two draft versions of the measure which contained language recognizing Presidential documents as the private property of the officeholder. But, significantly, the language was dropped from the final bill.

Schnapper is one of several potential litigants who are strongly considering lawsuits to challenge Mr. Ford's disposition of the Nixon papers and seek a ruling placing all such records, once and for all, in the public domain. But they would not be the first to go to court over the issue. James McCord, one of the original Watergate defendants, has filed papers challenging Sampson's authority to negotiate the agreement. And a related issue is already being fought out in the courts as the result of an action brought by Ralph Nader's Tax Reform Research Group which is seeking access to Nixon's pre-Presidential papers under the Freedom of Information Act. In a brief, Nader lawyers argue, "Papers, such as those sought here, all or nearly all of which were prepared by public officials, who were being paid from public funds to do the public's work, are public, not private, papers. . . . If Mr. Nixon, as a private citizen, had the power to restrict access, then he could also deny access by destroying these historically irreplaceable papers, even though they may be necessary to continued and efficient operation of the federal government. Neither common sense nor the Libraries Act allows such a result."

Conrad, Los Angeles Times

Ford's Theatre

The argument that custom and tradition justify the Sampson-Nixon agreement has been attacked from other quarters as well. In an interview, Raoul Berger, a constitutional law professor at Harvard, said: "The records were compiled with government money on government time, so there is a presumption that they belong to the United States." And he added, "Repetition of an illegal act doesn't legitimatize usurpation."

Writing in *The Washington Post*, Arthur S. Miller, a law professor at George Washington University, recalled Sen. Sam Ervin's frequent barbed reminders to Watergate witnesses during the hearings of his Senate Select Committee: "We have had thievery and homocide for thousands of years but that does not make murder meritorious nor larceny legal." Miller also effectively demolishes the claim that illegal actions by the executive branch somehow become legal if left unchallenged for a period of

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time. He says of Nixon's claim that his fund impoundments were sanctioned by Presidential practices dating all the way back to Jefferson, "Of more than three dozen judicial opinions in impoundment cases in the last two years, the vast majority emphatically rejected the broad claim of Presidential power." In another area, Miller notes, the Nixon administration's assertion of an "inherent" power to wiretap was soundly repudiated when finally tested in the Supreme Court. And the administration suffered a similar reversal on executive privilege—a doctrine that supposedly had been sanctioned by history.

The Ford Administration has been quite candid in admitting it wants to shuck, once and for all, any responsibility for mediating conflicting claims by Watergate and other litigants over the records accumulated during the Nixon years. The agreement with Nixon was, in short, intended to emancipate Ford from the sins of his predecessor. Said Buchen at the September 8th briefing:

> Therefore, it became apparent . . . the present Administration would be enmeshed for a long time in answering the disputed claims over who could obtain information from the Nixon records, how requested information could, as a practical matter, be extracted from the vast volume of records in which it might appear, and how, and by whom its relevancy in any particular court proceeding could be determined, and at the same time to try satisfying the claims of Mr. Nixon that he owned the records.

Those are troublesome problems, no doubt, but Ford must have known the hardships that would be created by making Nixon the keeper of the records accumulated during his tenure. Under the agreement, the recipient of a Watergate or related subpoena must notify Nixon who, "as the owner and custodian of the materials with sole right and power of access thereto," will be empowered to "assert any privilege or power" that he thinks may be rightfully his. To savor the full irony of this provision, one need only recall Nixon's skills in the art of stonewalling.

But the agreement, of course, doesn't stop there. Carrying the private property concept to its ultimate conclusion, Ford and Sampson accepted Nixon's demand that the tapes be ultimately destroyed. For Nixon, this may be a kind of revenge. The tapes—or rather the evidence they contained—were the single most important factor in his downfall. But for the rest of us, it means that the full story of Watergate may never be known. And for history, it certainly means the loss of one of the most extraordinary and illuminating records of a Presidency ever assembled.

Watergate aside, the Administration's attitude toward history seems curious. At the briefing, Buchen had this exchange with reporters:

Q. Why are they going to be destroyed?

A. Well, maybe they never should have been made in the first place. This was his desire and I think it is consistent with the fact that these matters do involve conversations with people who had no realization that their voices were being recorded. As an old spokesman for the right of privacy, I think there is considerable merit for putting these in a separate category from documents.

Q. Mr. Buchen, was any consideration given to the right of history?

A. I am sure the historians will protest, but I think historians cannot complain if evidence for history is not perpetuated which shouldn't have been created in the first place.

Public officials may like to think that they can shape history—and the news—by determining what materials are in the public domain and what materials are not. And they may even attempt to do so for the most laudable of motives. But life goes on and nothing can change the fact that events which occur daily involve unsuspecting agents who have no idea that their words and deeds are of significance to current and future generations.

In a paper prepared for the American Society of Archivists, J. Fred Cook, archives director at the University of Wisconsin, argues:

> A desire to avoid embarrassing former officials by revealing frank discussions of political advisers can in no way be equated to the right of the public to have exposed examples of corruption or bad decisions. Acquiescence by archivists in a policy of restricted access that hides past errors in policy may lead to similar mistakes being made in the future simply through ignorance of past decisions. Thus, we are made colleagues of the undertaker who quietly buried the doctor's mistakes.

Or, in the present context, co-conspirators in a plot to mute the sound of Watergate in history's ears. □

SHOWCASE PRISONS

THE BEST ARE A WASTE

ROBERT SOMMER & BARBARA A. SOMMER

The President's men have adjusted well to confinement. Jeb Magruder gives tennis lessons and Egil Krogh provided free legal advice to inmates who gathered around him in the evenings. (A lawyer in prison never has any reason to lack cigarettes.) Unlike most convicted offenders who are lost from view once they enter prison, the spotlight of publicity has continued to fall upon the Watergate inmates. The interviews and articles in newspapers and on TV are virtually unprecedented in the federal penal system where people change almost immediately from names to numbers. Even the simultaneous incarceration at Allenwood a few years ago of such notables as Bobby Baker, Carmine

Robert Sommer and Barbara Sommer both teach in the Psychology Department of the University of California, Davis. Robert Sommer is the author of Tight Spaces *(Prentice-Hall), a book on security architecture.*

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DeSapio, Gen. Carl Turner, Clifford Irving and Ralph Ginzburg did not arouse the media to such a degree. Such notorious figures as Sirhan Sirhan, Charles Manson and James Earl Ray have disappeared from public view behind prison walls.

Proponents of prison reform are viewing the publicity given the Watergate inmates with mixed emotions. Without exception the Watergate men have gone to the showcase institutions at Lompoc, Calif. and Allenwood, Pa. Their sentences are extraordinarily light compared to those given to other offenders. They are all big shots and, traditionally, big shots have special handling in prison. Yet the penetration of the media into the federal prison system, perhaps the deepest penetration ever accomplished by television and the press, is a hopeful portent. If this can be continued and widened, the opportunities for prison reform will be advanced.

Until now maximum security prisons have received virtually all the press coverage. This created the public image of prison as a place of high walls, steel bars and armed guards stationed round the clock in gun towers. Now the public is suddenly given a glimpse of a very different sort of environment—open and verdant, with ample sports facilities and a minimum of restrictions. To a degree, this is a healthy corrective to the popular stereotype of prison as a barred, walled place, since a sizable number of state and federal prisons are minimum and medium security facilities, more like Allenwood than San Quentin.

The presence of the Watergate defendants provides a unique opportunity for the media to cover adequately the entire prison beat. But the reporters who have visited the minimum security camp at Lompoc, with its predominantly white middle-class inmates, have ignored the nearby federal medium security facility with its predominantly black lower-class inmate population. Nor have the reporters covering Magruder, Porter, et al., at Allenwood seen fit to visit the maximum security Lewisburg penitentiary, some 18 miles away. If they restrict their first-hand view only to Allenwood and Lompoc, the cause of prison reform may be set back rather than enhanced. Correctional authorities deny reporters and photographers access to maximum security institutions on the grounds of security and the protection of the inmate's privacy. Both reasons seem specious and self-serving. If reporters volunteered for the front lines in Vietnam and Korea, they could undoubtedly survive in maximum security institutions. And particularly during times of stress, inmates have asked for more rather than less press coverage to protect their rights. Opening up prisons to round-the-clock media coverage may not solve all the problems, but it would prevent the more obvious brutality and help prepare the public for meaningful change.

Correctional administrators tend to be oversensitive on the issue of coddling convicts. This charge seems to upset state legislators even more than documented accounts of institutionalized brutality. An article in *The Architectural Record* cites a recently completed state prison in which a large swimming pool was built in the corner of the exercise yard. Believing that its existence would subject them to charges of coddling criminals, correctional officials buried the pool under tons of earth. The pool can be excavated when public opinion is ready for it, they maintain, but the time is not yet. How many other recreational facilities in other institutions never got built, even though funds were available, because of fear of adverse public reaction? Rather than calling for the closing of the golf courses and tennis courts at Allenwood, a more rational response to these newspaper reports is that every prisoner should be entitled to adequate exercise facilities, and those in maximum security institutions should have the highest priority.

Along with the light plea-bargained sentences which produced so much consternation in the press, Watergate has provided an inside look at our segregated penal system. In the Philadelphia county jail, 95 per cent of the inmates are black. Pennsylvania, which has an overall black population of 9.4 per cent, has a local jail population that is 62.9 per cent black. The Illinois Stateville Penitentiary, a 2,000-man maximum security institution 30 miles from Chicago, is 70 per cent black, 10 per cent Latin, and 20 per cent white. To survive, inmates join gangs based upon ethnic affiliation which run the prison. William Nagel, author of *The New Red Barn*, has documented how blacks in the federal prison system receive longer sentences than their white counterparts. Matching for number of previous offenses, blacks average five additional months for assault, nineteen additional months for drugs, six for embezzlement, five for robbery, and so on. The federal prison system, Watergate notwithstanding, is becoming blacker and blacker. One would never realize this from newspaper reports about the Watergate inmates who reside in predominantly white institutions. When Judge Sirica sentenced John Dean to a 1-to-4-year term in prison, he recommended that Dean serve his sentence in the minimum security facility at Lompoc. Without this being stated specifically, Dean was sentenced to a white institution. A young black caught out of state stealing a car would be sent to a largely black institution with fewer amenities, more restriction, and rarer opportunities for visits or furloughs.

That the nation's correctional system is run by whites largely for minority inmates is well known in correctional circles but is largely overlooked by the general public. Attica with its 100 per cent white jailers and 70 per cent black and Puerto Rican inmates at the time of the massacre was only a single example of a racial situation that has existed for decades. Any plans for building new prisons, such as the 1972 master plan of the Federal Bureau of Prisons calling for half a billion dollars in prison construction over the next decade, must be examined carefully for its racial implications.

Most people agree that punishment was necessary for the President's men. They had to be held accountable for their misdeeds, as an affirmation of the viability of a government of laws and as examples to others who might contemplate similar misconduct. Furthermore, most of us accept that rehabilitation is not the issue. There is no mention that Porter, Segretti or Kalmbach is enrolled in vocational training, correspondence courses or group therapy. They have strayed, but they know the way, and the function of punishment is to set them back on the

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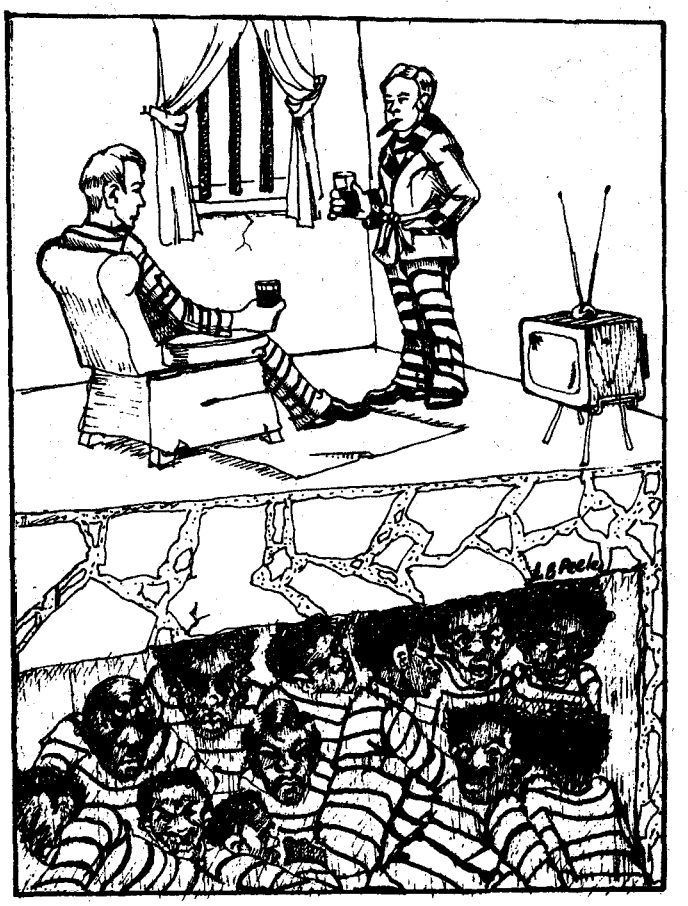
correct path. They are housed at Allenwood and Lompoc with other prisoners who have committed offenses not of a violent or sexual nature. Many are middle-class narcotics offenders. According to Allenwood's Warden Taylor, Magruder is not an ostensible threat to society and lacks "criminal sophistication." Most prisons are likely to produce these very qualities, but not in Magruder's case, because the segregated prison system keeps him from contact with those who acquired that sophistication as they came up through the ranks from juvenile hall. Note the difference between the way we treat those such as the Watergate inmates for whom the prison sentence is primarily a punishment and a deterrent to others in the public trust, and the treatment meted out to those offenders ostensibly in need of rehabilitation. The degree of confinement, dehumanization and humiliation is directly related to the degree to which they need to be rehabilitated. Violent offenders are likely to be held under conditions of greater security and less amenity. Those prisoners who are least compliant and most violently object to prison procedures end up in the maximum security institutions. It seems odd that those for whom behavior change is most critical are subjected to a far more punishing environment than those for whom our intention is clearly punishment.

It is currently popular among prison officials as well as their critics to say that the prison has failed to rehabilitate inmates. Following the literal meaning of rehabilitation as the restoration to a former capacity, prison has done fairly well in rehabilitating inmates, i.e., restoring them to their former status. All too many prisoners return to society to ply their former illegal trades with an added dexterity obtained in prison. Where the prisons are failing abysmally is in reform. Far from being a mere semantic quibbling, reform (literally: to change into a new and improved form or condition, to remove faults or abuses) carries a much stronger implication than does rehabilitation. This makes words like reform and re-education sound anti-American, like brainwashing and our current scapegoat, behavior modification. The current wave of criticism against these techniques is not confined to psychosurgery and aversive conditioning but stems from an underlying fear that systematic means of behavior change necessarily rob the individual of his freedom of choice and dignity. Change as a result of learning is what behavior modifiers have in mind. However, we shy away from admitting the goal of reform—consider the archaic quality of the term "reform school"—as well as the image it recalls. We need to decide more precisely what we want to accomplish in prison and whether these expectations are realistic. Is reform likely or even possible in an atmosphere dominated by a criminal value system? Into the vacuum provided by the absence of larger goals comes a spate of smaller and lesser purposes—e.g., to do your time, get along in the joint—purposes that can be shared by guards and inmates alike. Attend a conference of correctional officials and you will encounter a myriad of questions and concerns regarding security, staffing, hardware and buildings which bear little relation to the platitudes and statistics offered in the introductory address and after-dinner speeches.

Had the President's men been sent to more oppressive prisons, the pressures for prison reform would be increased. Yet it is difficult for us to suggest that these men, or any people for that matter, should be subjected to the worst aspects of the American penal system. Charles Colson in a strip cell with no furniture except a steel cot and a hole in the floor for a toilet would quickly change the atmosphere at the adjustment center, but the Charles Colsons are not sent to Soledad, or even Leavenworth. Jimmy Hoffa and Mickey Cohen both emerged from prison as vocal spokesmen for prison reform, but both men spent time in medium or maximum security institutions.

Yet the wasted months of Magruder, Kalmbach, et al.,



raise questions as to the value of confinement even under humane conditions. Apart from those administrators and suppliers whom Jessica Mitford described as being in the prison business, nobody gains when these men are taken from their families and housed and fed at the taxpayers' expense. There must be some way society can make use of their considerable talents. It would seem far more logical to sentence Charles Colson to two years of putting his legal training in the service of California farm workers or the poor of Appalachia than to send him off to play golf and convert his former colleagues to his new-found religion.

Sociologist David Ward spent a Fulbright year in Sweden studying the prison system. With a population of 8 million, Sweden had 5,000 prisoners and 4,700 correctional employees. Most of the eighty-two institutions were small, some with twenty to thirty inmates; the largest had 350. Sentences were short; even at the maxi-

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mum security institutions most inmates were in for less than four months. Ward took the demands of the Attica prisoners to the inmates at the Swedish maximum security prison. They had all these rights already, except that they weren't getting full pay, although they did receive $3 a day in wages.

In the United States, many of the most innovative experiments have involved the treatment of youthful offenders. Massachusetts had by 1972 closed all but one of its youth facilities. These were replaced with local contracts for youth homes, sometimes with the YMCA, a church group, or families taking a youth on a per diem basis. Iowa has pioneered a community corrections program for adult offenders. Convicted felons live at home, but are closely supervised by correctional staff. The recidivism rate for the Iowa community corrections program is 15 per cent compared with the 65 per cent for offenders in prison. Whenever possible, people in the program are expected to make a contribution to the community. The model used is one of restitution rather than retribution. The programs which originally began in the sixteen counties around Des Moines have recently been authorized by the legislature to expand to the remaining eighty-three counties of the state.

Small size and adequate staff do not guarantee the success of a rehabilitation program. From the standpoint of physical specifications, Alcatraz would have been an ideal setting for rehabilitation. There were never more than 303 inmates on the island, and the average population was about 250, with one guard for every three inmates. However, no attempt was made to rehabilitate anyone; the men were on the rock strictly to keep them apart from society. No newspapers or radios were allowed. The prison library was airy and well-lit, but prisoners were not allowed inside. Books were ordered from a staff librarian and delivered by trusties to the inmates' cells.

The critical issue is whether vast amounts of money should be spent on new prison construction or used for alternatives to incarceration such as community corrections, adequate parole supervision and job assistance programs. Virtually everyone who has examined the American prison system, either from the outside or inside, has concluded that it has failed. Even the showcase institutions such as Allenwood and Lompoc waste everyone's time and money. There are better ways to employ the time and talents of convicted offenders than to sentence them to play tennis and keep books in the prison store. And for the tens of thousands of inmates in the medium and maximum security institutions, the issue is not one of wasted time and talent but of oppression and sometimes extreme privation and brutality. Though we cannot in good conscience say we would like to have seen this happen, the prison system would have benefited if the President's men had been sent to Leavenworth, Lewisburg or Danbury. However, their presence in Lompoc and Allenwood provides a rare inside look at the showcase institutions. If these institutions provide nothing beneficial to inmates or society, the lesson must be clearly drawn by prison reformers and legislators that the way to go is not toward more modern institutions with golf courses and tennis courts. Indeed, the money should go to pilot programs and alternatives to incarceration—not massive programs of closing down all institutions and leaving counties on their own, as some states shut mental hospitals with dire results, but organically developed change, such as Iowa achieved with county probation programs, adequately funded and supervised, and expanded as they prove themselves. We can be grateful to the President's men for showing us that the best the federal correctional system can offer is far from good enough. □

LETTERS (*Continued from page 354*)

dition [The Nation, Sept. 14]. His simplistic dichotomy between elitist consensus historians and revisionists who "take a bottom-up view" contributes little to an understanding of the social order or of historiography about it. The recent recovery of radical heroes and primitive rebels has been a worthy and enjoyable enterprise, but their forlorn if heroic efforts underscore the essential unity—sometimes enforced, to be sure; unfortunate, certainly—among Americans. In many of their analyses, though not their prescriptions, the revisionists Gabriel Kolko, William Appleman Williams and Eugene Genovese are also "consensus historians." In his own time, Hofstadter was less enthusiastic about the consensus than many of his peers, which may be one reaon why *The American Political Tradition* has been justly praised by Professors Williams and Howard Zinn.

The precise distinctions among historical "schools" may be left to professional journals, but Gronowicz's surliness should be refuted before a broader audience. By failing to see the complexity of the social context, the 1950s in this instance; by psychologizing away his subject's beliefs ("Instinctively he prefers to deal with an upper-class gadfly . . ."); and by inferring a "short step" from academic criticism of "neo-Populists" to their condemnation before Congressional investigators, Gronowicz reveals that he possesses some of Hofstadter's shortcomings but none of his brilliance. The cheap shots are lamentably reminiscent of the shoddy treatment given to revisionists by those who refuse to take their ideas seriously. It is absurd to say that Hofstadter has "nothing to offer" anyone seeking an alternative to contemporary "corruption and bloodletting." He offers intelligence and a too rare willingness to admit his errors in print, and he remains, despite his biases, the most creative and stimulating historian of his generation.

Leo Ribuffo, Asst. Professor of History
The George Washington University

The working rich

Tepoztlan, Morelos, Mex.

If the Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism are correctly linked, as Max Weber argued, it is no surprise that the Rockefellers are living proof that that ethic can survive among the richest [see editorial, *The Nation*, Aug. 31]. Equally they could be said to exemplify the continuing truth of Edward A. Ross's Progressive era comment that there's nothing like distance to disinfect dividends.

At least that's the way it looks to this transplanted North American, a view I'm sure is shared by the vast mass of conscious Latin Americans who are not among the native bourgeoise junior partners of Rockefeller interests. You are doubtless correct that within the ranks of the latter the nomination should be well received in South America.

Beatrice B. Robinson

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Solzhenitsyn's Political Philosophy

PAUL AVRICH

> The remedy invented by Lenin and Trotsky, the general suppression of democracy, is worse than the evil it is intended to cure.
>
> —*Rosa Luxemburg, 1918*

At the climax of *The First Circle,* his great novel of the purges, Alexander Solzhenitsyn describes the arrest in 1948 of a young Soviet diplomat named Innokenty Volodin and his imprisonment in the Liubianka, the central headquarters of the secret police in Moscow. Marched downstairs by a guard, "Innokenty noticed how worn the steps were. He had seen nothing like it in his life. They were now in oval hollows half a step deep, from the sides to the center. He shuddered. In thirty years how many feet must have shuffled here to wear down the stone that way."

Thirty years, writes Solzhenitsyn. In other words, since 1918, at the very outset of the Bolshevik dictatorship. Thus, with the publication of *The First Circle* in 1966, we already had a hint of the theme that its author would develop in *The Gulag Archipelago*: that the system of repression began in the earliest days of the Soviet state; that the reign of terror was not caused by the paranoia of a single tyrant but was inherent in Bolshevism itself; that Lenin (aided by Trotsky and Dzerzhinsky) was guilty of the same crimes, though on a smaller scale, as Stalin—indeed, that he laid the foundations for what was to follow; that already in Lenin's time there were thousands of "Ivan Denisoviches" inhabiting the Archipelago of prisons and camps that stretched across the length and breadth of Russia.

It was Lenin, says Solzhenitsyn, who inaugurated the authoritarian regime that Stalin was later to perfect. And his victims, beyond the landowners, officers and bureaucrats who were bent upon restoring the Czarist order, included dedicated revolutionaries—Mensheviks, anarchists, Socialist Revolutionaries—who criticized the Bolsheviks for betraying the true principles of the Revolution and who demanded the restoration of industrial democracy, freely elected soviets, and freedom of speech, press and assembly, all of which the new dictatorship had suppressed.

Far from being granted political and civil liberties, however, these veteran revolutionaries, many of whom had served in prison under the Czar, found themselves the objects of a determined political manhunt. Denounced as "petty bourgeois and counterrevolutionary elements," they were caught up in the dragnet of the Cheka, the Bolshevik security police, and condemned anew to imprisonment or exile. Beginning in 1918, their bookstores, printing offices and meeting places were shut down as wave after wave of political arrests swept the country. Even the followers of Tolstoy, who preached the gospel of Christian nonviolence (they refrained, it was said, from killing the very lice which they plucked from their beards), fell victim to the repressions, some being shot when they refused to serve in the Red Army during the civil war of 1918-20, others being banished or imprisoned in the years that followed.

A number of oppositionists—the Menshevik leader Martov, the Left Socialist Revolutionary Natanson, the anarchist Emma Goldman are examples—were allowed to emigrate to the West or were unceremoniously deported. But the majority were not so fortunate. Thousands filled the jails of Petrograd and Moscow (Liubianka, Taganka, Lefortovo, Butyrki—their names reverberate through Solzhenitsyn's writings), which had been emptied of political offenders after the collapse of the monarchy; and thousands more were sent to concentration camps or to so-called "political isolators" which were unknown even under the czars. (One of the most notorious "political isolators" was located in the medieval city of Riazan, where Solzhenitsyn went to live after his own ordeal in prison and exile.)

The ancient monastery on Solovetsky Island in the White Sea was converted into a prison whose inmates staged repeated demonstrations and hunger strikes and in some cases resorted to self-immolation to protest their unwarranted confinement. Other revolutionaries, as well as ordinary workers and peasants, were banished to penal colonies in Siberia, the Ural Mountains and Central Asia, where they were beaten, degraded and robbed of their self-respect, and where many were doomed to an early death from scurvy, typhus and consumption. A few, such as the Left Socialist Revolutionary leader Maria Spiridonova, who had spent a decade in czarist prisons, were placed "for observation" in mental institutions, a technique greatly expanded under the present Soviet leadership.

In a letter to Lenin of December 21, 1920, the venerable anarchist Peter Kropotkin denounced such methods as "a return to the worst periods of the Middle Ages and religious wars." They have "nothing in common with socialism or communism," he wrote, but are "survivals of the old order and old deformities of unlimited omnivorous authority." For Lenin, however, the place for rival revolutionary groups was "behind bars or in exile," side by side with the White Guards. "Liberty," he told Alexander Berkman, "is a luxury not to be permitted at the present stage of development." War was waged on the very idea of libertarian socialism, and democratic tendencies within the Communist Party itself were rooted out. "The time has come," Lenin told the Tenth Party Congress in March 1921, while rebellion was raging at the Kronstadt naval base, "to put an end to opposition, to put the lid on it. We have had enough opposition."

So it was that some of the noblest spirits of the Russian revolutionary movement were reviled, arrested, and finally stamped out or driven into exile. The story of their persecution, though previously written and documented by reliable expatriates and scholars—notable examples are *Forced Labor in Soviet Russia* by the well-known Mensheviks David Dallin and Boris Nicolaevsky, and *The Guillotine at Work* by Gregory Maximoff, a leading Anarcho-Syndicalist who himself was jailed six times between 1919 and 1921 and finally deported to Germany—was all too often ignored and has long since been forgotten.

It was left to Solzhenitsyn, in *The Gulag Archipelago,* to tell it to a worldwide audience who, aware of his unassailable honesty, will not be inclined to dismiss it as mere anti-Soviet propaganda. With a literary power unmatched in earlier accounts, he has provided a chronicle of arrests, interrogations and tortures, buttressed with evidence from

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a wide range of sources (including hundreds of personal interviews) gathered over many years. He cites specific cases, gives dates, times and places, names the beaters and killers, and refuses to allow their victims to be expunged from the historical record, to disappear without a trace down an Orwellian memory hole.

He shows, above all, that the Gulag Archipelago was not a mere "aberration" caused by Stalin's paranoia. The brutalities of Stalin have often been described as "departures" or "deviations" from the true principles of Leninism. For a time, indeed, Solzhenitsyn himself adhered to this view. In *The Gulag Archipelago* he describes how, as he passed through the prison system, he found himself debating with old Mensheviks and Socialist Revolutionaries and defending the policies of Lenin. But during a decade of confinement he revised his picture of the early Soviet regime, indeed of the Revolution itself.

What he had come to understand was that the Archipelago had begun to take shape at the very outset, that since the October Revolution Soviet Russia had been ruled not by justice and morality but by power, brutality and corruption. He quotes Lenin's demand in 1918 "to purge the Russian land of all harmful insects," as well as his order in 1922 "to extend the firing squad against all activities of Mensheviks, Socialist Revolutionaries, and others," who were to be linked in every possible way with "the international bourgeoisie." That 1974 marks the fiftieth anniversary of Lenin's death goes far to explain the unparalleled attacks on Solzhenitsyn which culminated in his sudden deportation. For to indict Leninism is to question the whole Bolshevik system on which the present regime stands and from which it derives its claim to legitimacy.

Yet when Lenin died in 1924 all the elements existed for the nightmare regime of Stalin, who pushed the system of terror and methods of repression to their ultimate limits. Under Stalin not thousands but tens of millions, like Lara in *Doctor Zhivago*, "died or vanished somewhere, forgotten, as a nameless number on a list which was later lost." It was a world, wrote Yevgenia Ginzburg, "in which either the spirit was broken and degraded, or true courage born." As the poet Anna Akhmatova put it, Russia was "writhing, guiltless, under steel-shod boots and the tires of Black Marias." The victims, of course, included Solzhenitsyn himself. Though twice decorated for bravery in World War II, he was seized by the secret police, a number—Shch 262—was sewn on his cap and on the breast, leg and back of his prison suit; he spent the next eleven years in prison, labor camps and exile, from which he emerged an unremitting critic of the whole system, both Leninism and Stalinism alike.

We know, then, what Solzhenitsyn is against. But what is he for? The answer is by no means obvious. Though he has thrown off his earlier Marxism, though he has denounced both Stalinism and Leninism with passionate eloquence, his positive social and political ideas remain unclear. Perhaps, in his new Western environment, he himself is still groping for an answer. Meanwhile, however, some tentative observations can be made.

His outlook, to begin with, contains a strong libertarian component. Is it mere accident that he was born in the Northern Caucasus, with its population of fiercely independent mountaineers? Or that he was raised in Rostov-on-Don, in the heart of Cossack country, where the struggle for autonomy from Muscovite control reaches back to the 16th century? Or that his father, though he fought in World War I, was a Tolstoyan whose philosophy made a lasting impression on the son?

The Tolstoyan ethical code, based on truth, honesty and the primacy of individual conscience, echoes through all of Solzhenitsyn's writings. Solzhenitsyn's beard and humble dress, his disdain for material possessions and strongly ascetic style of life, his abiding faith in the Russian people and concern with their suffering are all fundamentally Tolstoyan. In his present surroundings he continues to exhibit a marked ascetic streak and a severe, self-disciplined integrity, without any airs or pretensions, traits that are reflected in his literary work. He has a scorn for gourmets and dandies. He is attached to old clothes and possessions —a battered hat, a threadbare coat, a dilapidated suitcase that he has saved from his days in prison. Even when comparatively well off, after the success of *Ivan Denisovich*, he could not force himself to take a taxi. "He had an aversion to feeling like a lord," a friend explained.

In his concern for human rights and for the diginity of the individual, Solzhenitsyn is profoundly libertarian. As a youth in the early 1930s he already "sensed the falsity and exaggerated, stifling exaltation of one man, always one man! If he was everything, did it not mean that other men were nothing?" In later years Solzhenitsyn came to recognize that power and privilege corrupt all who possess them. During World War II, he writes, "I ate my officer's butter with pastry, without giving a thought to why I had a right to it, while the rank-and-file soldiers did not. . . . This is what happens when you put epaulettes on people's shoulders; they begin to feel like little gods." In his letter to the Soviet leaders of September 1973 he condemns the inherent "violence of the state," and in *The Gulag Archipelago* he calls politicians "boils on the neck of society, preventing it from moving its head and arms." His own life, indeed, personifies the struggle of the individual against the arbitrary powers of government.

Whom does Solzhenitsyn invoke in his writings as an antithesis to Stalinist repression? Neither Marx nor Lenin, to be sure. Nor even Bukharin, who, with the publication of a fine new biography by Stephen Cohen, has been enjoying a revival in the West, but who, for all his attractive qualities, defended the one-party dictatorship and treated his political opponents as unredeemable enemies, devoid of civil or human rights, to be condemned and crushed at every turn. He invokes, rather, such libertarian and ethical thinkers as Tolstoy, Kropotkin, Alexander Herzen and Vladimir Soloviev. Witness the following dialogue in *The Cancer Ward*:

Shulubin: Young man, don't ever make this mistake. Don't ever blame socialism for the sufferings and cruel years you've lived through. However you think about it, history has rejected capitalism once and for all! . . . Capitalism was doomed ethically before it was doomed economically, a long time ago. . . . Nor can you have a socialism that's always drumming on about hatred, because social life cannot be built on hatred.

Kostoglotov: You mean Christian socialism, is that right?

Shulubin: It's going too far to call it 'Christian'. . . . I should say that for Russia in particular, with our repentances, confessions and revolts, our Dostoevsky, Tolstoy and Kropotkin, there's only one true socialism, and that's ethical socialism. That is something realistic.

Shulubin goes on to say that ethics must become the foundation of all social relations, including the rearing of children, scientific research, foreign policy, and even economic policy. "What's that?" asks Kostoglotov. "Ethics first and economics afterwards?" "Exactly," replies Shulubin. Shulubin sees fit to mention Lenin only once, quoting his defense of equal incomes, which he proceeded to violate when he ascended to power: "Are you familiar with the *April Theses*? There's one point I remember. It runs, 'No official should receive a salary higher than the average pay of a good worker.' That's what they began the revolution with."

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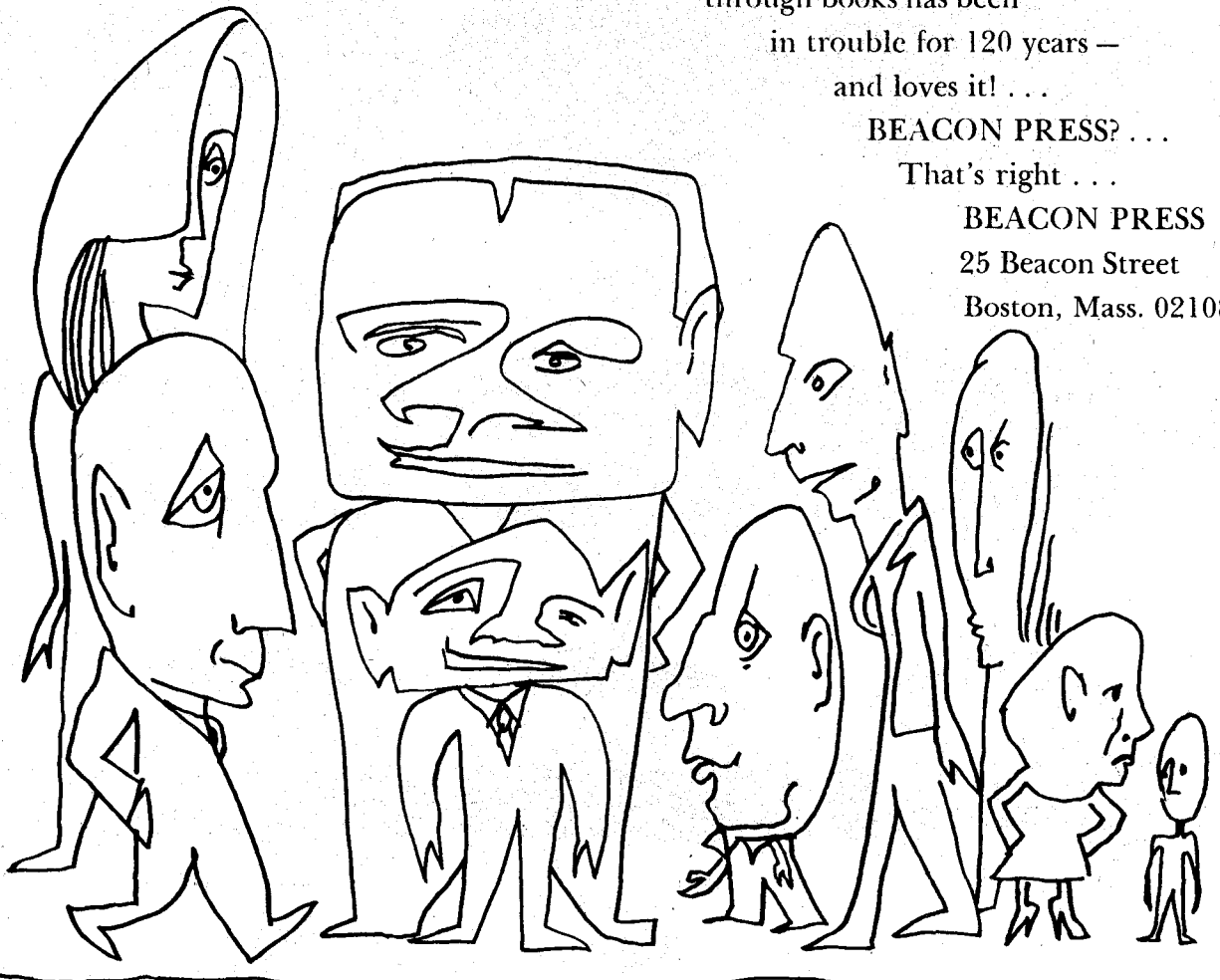

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If these sentiments reflect Solzhenitsyn's own thinking, as they indeed appear to do, then he is an exponent of ethical socialism as opposed to the amoral revolutionism of the Bolsheviks. He ranges himself with Herzen and Kropotkin against Lenin, Stalin and their associates who, as Kropotkin observed, failed to inspire a true social revolution because they lacked a genuine Socialist morality. He sees the Bolsheviks, in effect, as heirs to the tradition of Sergei Nechaev, the unscrupulous 19th-century revolutionary, for whom expediency overrode all ethical considerations and for whom decency, honor and integrity must be cast aside in the name of revolutionary necessity.

Solzhenitsyn has no use for Maoist Red Guards or such groups as Black September, which have employed indiscriminate terror and subordinated means to ends in the name of their particular cause. "I am sure," he wrote after the Six Day War in 1967, "that the best among the Arabs understand that, according to justice, Israel has a right to exist and to live." For Solzhenitsyn, as for Kropotkin, means must be consistent with ends. In his Nobel lecture of 1970 he denounces the methods of terrorism, blackmail and torture, of kidnapping and the taking of hostages, as Kropotkin had done fifty years before. "Violence," he declares, "brazenly and victoriously strides through the world, unconcerned that its futility has been demonstrated and exposed by history many times. It is not simply naked force that triumphs but its trumpeted justification: the whole world overflows with the brazen conviction that force can do everything and justice nothing. Dostoevsky's *Demons*, a provincial nightmare of the last century, one would have thought, are, before our very eyes, crawling over the whole world into countries where they were unimaginable, and by the hijacking of planes, by seizing hostages, by the bomb explosions, and by the fires of recent years, signal their determination to shake civilization apart and to annihilate it!

"And they may very well succeed. Young people, being at an age when they have no experience except sexual, when they have as yet no years of personal suffering and personal wisdom behind them, enthusiastically repeat our discredited Russian lessons of the 19th century and think that they are discovering something new. They take as a splendid example the Chinese Red Guards' degradation of people into nonentities. A superficial lack of understanding of the timeless essence of humanity, naïve smugness on the part of their inexperienced hearts—we'll kick out *those* fierce, greedy oppressors, those governors, and the rest (we!), then we'll lay down our grenades and machine guns and become just and compassionate."

To such "violence" and "lying" Solzhenitsyn opposes "the steadfastness of good" and "the indivisibility of truth." It is the duty of writers and artists to tell the truth, he declares, for "One Word of Truth Outweighs the World." One must not try to reconcile "the white rose of truth with the black toad of villainy."

Apart from his ethical socialism, Solzhenitsyn is also steeped in the traditions of Slavophilism and Populism, 19th-century schools of thought which resemble Tolstoyanism in their idealization of the Russian peasant and their rejection of Western models in favor of native customs and values. Peter the Great, argued the Slavophiles, had diverted Russia from its natural path and had set it on an alien course that spelled disaster for the common people. By sheer force and terror Peter had driven the masses forward, harnessed to the needs of the state, which the Slavophiles regarded as an artificial tyranny, extorting taxes, exacting military service, and trampling on popular freedoms and traditions. As Konstantin Aksakov declared, the state was "evil in principle."

Solzhenitsyn criticizes the Soviet regime in much the same terms. His philosophy, like that of the Slavophiles, reflects a strong nativist resentment against foreign innovations. He echoes their glorification of the Russian village, with its bonds of love and fellowship, their romantic yearning for a pre-industrial past before the corruptions of Westernization and modernization had set in, for a pristine pre-Petrine Russia, with its unity of ruler and people and its undefiled Christianity. Back to nature, back to the soil, back to the simple agrarian life and the virtuous peasants —the Matryonas and Ivan Denisoviches, the Spiridonovs and Blagodaryovs—who inhabit his stories and novels.

Like the Slavophiles and Populists, he urges Russia to turn away from the West and to look inward for the solution to its problems. He rejects both capitalism and Marxism, the former as "soulless and mercenary," the latter as "a dark un-Russian whirlwind that descended on us from the West." He dreams of a tranquil Russia of handicrafts and farming, with pure air and clean water, and he calls for a halt to the headlong rush into an urban industrial society which, he predicts, will spell "the joint collapse of our civilization and the West's in the crush and stink of a polluted earth."

Solzhenitsyn's distrust of parliamentary government is similarly traceable to the Slavophiles and Populists, who saw it as a corrupt and alien institution, manipulated by opportunists and hypocrites seeking to safeguard their own interests at the expense of the working people. In his letter to the Soviet leaders of September 1973 he scorns Western democracy as a system that, like Bolshevism, is lacking in moral foundations. He calls instead for a benevolent government "based on genuine concessions and love on the part of the rulers, not only for themselves and those around them, but also for the people, and all neighboring peoples too."

Solzhenitsyn's Slavophile orientation, his quest for Russia's salvation in its own unique historical traditions, sets him sharply apart from many other Soviet dissidents who favor a Western conception of democracy and constitutional

THE TURNING

And what if the little girl playing with her doll
suddenly feels it
watching her, the eyes alive
like the eyes of the fish
mother sliced open on the kitchen counter?

Does she continue her play
in a stillness like that of a bicycle wheel
spinning in air
after the rider has fallen off,
of a forest
where ferns rustle like feet shuffling
in a dark basement?

Or does she turn away
to the daylight of hungry dogs
and other children?

Lawrence Russ

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freedom. To such men as Andrei Sakharov, many of Solzhenitsyn's ideas, religious as well as political, seem outmoded and anachronistic, if not downright reactionary. His exaltation of rural values, his profound religious conviction, and his faith in military and technical experts have alienated many well-wishers, both in Russia and in the West, who strongly admire him for his courage and integrity.

The same is true of his criticisms of Ramsey Clark and Daniel Ellsberg as traitors to their country, as well as his sympathetic treatment of the Vlasovites, despite their collaboration with Hitler, as the unfortunate victims of Stalinist treachery. At times he has even echoed the Slavophile belief in a "good czar," the bearer of justice and mercy as opposed to the Stalinist Antichrist, who will deliver the Russian people from their persecution and suffering. In Nikita Khrushchev, on whose tomb he laid a bouquet of flowers, he saw such a benevolent ruler, a sort of peasant czar with his earthy popular wit, whose reforms, says Solzhenitsyn, "were undoubtedly governed by genuine emotion, by penitence and open-heartedness."

Much of this is indeed disturbing. Solzhenitsyn's political philosophy, a mixture of Slavophilism, Populism and ethical socialism with elements of technocracy and benevolent despotism, is in many ways a throwback to the 19th century. Yet to call it reactionary would be misleading. For it is a far cry from the xenophobia, anti-Semitism and philistine obscurantism to which so many Soviet conservatives adhere. His disdain for representative democracy, moreover, is part and parcel of a tradition of which Herzen, Tolstoy and Kropotkin were all exponents; and his warnings against unbridled industrial growth and his evocations of the beauty of Russia's ancient villages and towns, now invaded by blocks of ugly apartment houses and the "poisonous internal combustion engine," parallel the arguments of the most enlightened ecologists in the West.

Nor must we forget his uncompromising devotion to moral values or his courageous struggle for the truth. He is not one to lie and deceive, to exploit and oppress, to torture and kill. He is a brave and honorable man at a time when such qualities are rare. "If I had to go to sea again," a former sailor told me, "I would want him in my crew." He has restored the deep humanity and moral fervor that have made Russian literature and the Russian revolutionary tradition so widely admired around the world. A group of Russian dissidents once called him "the mind and conscience of our nation." His books are not only literary masterpieces but also revolutionary documents. As a living symbol of integrity, he is anathema to the ruling establishment.

"For a country to have a great writer," a character in *The First Circle* remarks, "is like having another government." Solzhenitsyn has been such a government, "a light within," to borrow the title of one of his own plays, a voice of truth and justice raised against falsehood and repression. "They are afraid of him," said one of his friends. "His is the voice from *there*. When he speaks they hear the voices of the millions who perished there. And they are afraid."

Seen in this light, his expulsion from the Soviet Union was not a defeat. It was a victory of freedom over authority, of the individual over the state, of "decency over swinishness," to use a vivid phrase from *August 1914*. It marks a triumph of the tradition of Kropotkin and Tolstoy over the tradition of Lenin and Stalin. In one of his best stories, *Matryona's House,* Solzhenitsyn describes the main character as that person "without whom no village can stand. Nor any city. Nor all of Russia. Nor the whole world." Such a man is Solzhenitsyn. □

Demons Ordered from Sears

SOMETHING HAPPENED. *By Joseph Heller. Alfred A. Knopf. 569 pp. $10.*

CALVIN BEDIENT

Something Happened is a monstrous effort to make literature out of pettiness. Relentlessly analytical about mean and mixed human motives, riveted to cynicism, essentially standstill, it unmercifully grinds out the paltriness to which one "successful" man's life, willy-nilly, can amount. Though no one could mistake its assiduity, the novel is a rout of creative drive and imagination, omitting as it does the low sun of Possibility against which its apparently huge, snarled ball of gnats could be measured. The book acquiesces in its own meanness with a clever shrug. It abdicates—and why if not out of punishing unbelief?—the high critical function of art.

Heller's popular *Catch-22* was, by contrast, brilliantly empowered with rage. To be sure, it failed to suggest what was worth living for, but at least it showed, with fair and breath-stealing exaggeration, what was not worth dying for—the greed and ambition of other men. It was the work of a common sensibility with uncommon independence, a balking Falstaffian *sense.*

In the world, Inc., of *Something Happened,* independence is deemed pointless. "I suppose it is just about impossible," the narrator Slocum says, "for someone like me to rebel anymore and produce any kind of lasting effect." In any case, why rebel when greed and ambition are muzzled by a national "system," well-groomed and air-conditioned? In *Catch-22,* the war, as Yossarian kept pointing out to slower minds, was trying to kill him, but Slocum—a tamed-down Yossarian with a wife, three children, and an acre in Connecticut—has nothing to fear from the company in which he is a minor executive except that it could "fire" him. Whatever its drawbacks—and with his ruthless instinct for honesty Slocum underscores these—at least it provides him

Calvin Bedient's book on British poetry, Eight Contemporary Poets, *has just been published (Oxford).*

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with self-esteem, pays well, offers refuge from the piranha pool of his family, and even condones philandering, though not on company time. What else could a man want?

Slocum's smallness consists in this, that he doesn't know. His memory veers to randy sexuality *during* office hours when he was only 17: perhaps that was the good life—or so his fond, excited, exhaustive reminiscences imply.

"I never became what I wanted to be," Slocum complains, "even though I got all the things I ever wanted." If we object that this is a spurious Catch-22, since Slocum never conceived what he wanted to be, the novel objects, in turn, that it is no longer possible to want to be anything. Witness Slocum's wife, his daughter, his older boy.

Who or what, then, is to blame if Slocum's imagination is so flaccid, his soul so bored, that his idea of being entertaining is the high school humor of "Camus, Copernicus, or Sören Kierkegaard (the three big Ks, ha, ha)," and the sum of his wisdom this: "All we really have is time. What we don't have is what to do with it"?

Slocum blames everything and everyone except himself—especially everything vague. "Something did happen to me somewhere," he says, "that robbed me of confidence and courage and left me with a fear of discovery and change and a positive dread of everything unknown that may occur." But in truth Slocum seems to have suffered no more than the usual fears consequent upon being born an infant and mortal, and except for his anxieties about his older son—a pint-sized version of the sweet chaplain of *Catch-22*—his passes at panic, depression and *Angst* are the only perfunctory moves in a hard-working book. His "demons" might have been ordered from Sears, and neither metaphysical Dread nor the dark Unconscious proves a living power in the book.

That leaves history, and this too is in the line-up. "I cannot fight and nullify a whole culture, an environment, an epoch, a past," complains Slocum. How can his life be beautiful when 'America the Beautiful' isn't"? "It was all over the day the first white man set foot on the continent to live." Slocum hears "America singing fuck off," and complies, though not without grumbling. He is a registered Republican who, when he gives a thought to the country, talks like a hippie dropout. He both has his cake and zaps it.

Whatever the reason, for Slocum what you get and what you are is all that there could have been. Otherwise wouldn't you have more and be different? "What the fuck makes anyone think *I* am in control, that I can be any different from what I am?" he all but whines. So he bickers with and bullies his family, because a petty and selfish despot is what he "is," as if by a law of nature. "I am a shit," he admits. "But at least I am a successful one." Heller allows Slocum to present himself, at great length, as an inevitable American product—no more answerable for what he is than, say, the younger of his sons, an idiot. No ironic winks around the boulder of the first-person narrative—no contradictions.

But though Slocum cries "Wolf" for nearly 600 pages, the only wolf in sight is lubricious Slocum himself. In truth, he is not so much helpless as complacent. Just enlightened enough to be ashamed of his life, he doesn't try to change it because its sensual and egoistic gratifications are adequate, even considerable (for instance, he boasts, in reference to his wife: "No Women's Liberation for her. Lots of male chauvinist pig"). His emotional adolescence has proved so die-hard that he has taken the easy course and let it live.

Behind the sociological scrim of the book, its illustrations of William H. White's *The Organization Man* and Paul Goodman's *Growing Up Absurd*, beyond its depiction of what Goodman called the "apparently closed room" of modern America, in which "a large rat race [is] the dominant center of attention," beyond the examples of children "early resigned" to growing up with neither an "open margin" nor Faith, that sense that the world "will continue to support the next step": beyond all this squats the real villain of the piece: slothful, selfish human nature—equipped though it happens to be with a tirelessly rummaging mind that turns up every innate contradiction. The cultural allusions could all fall away and the substance of the book would remain undiminished, unaltered, unrepentant: quarrelsome, clever, horny, deceitful humankind.

"Between me and every ideal," Yossarian observed, "I always find Scheisskopfs. . . . And that sort of changes the ideal." This poorly reasoned capitulation to the worst in human nature justifies a self-interest that in Yossarian, given the horrendous circumstances, proves sympathetic: it is an interest, after all, in keeping alive. But Yossarian is no less self-centered than those who want to exploit and kill him. For Heller, there was simply nothing outside biology but lies. Now, investing self-serving behavior with neither mitigating circumstance nor inventive zaniness, he has built a repellent, granitic monument to it—in effect accepting it as all there is.

Heller's skepticism about culture, as opposed to involuntary vitality, is of course in the mainstream of modernism—that strong acid stream that wells as from the mouth of Nietzsche, passing now, in part, through the work of several American novelists (examples: John Hawkes, Joyce Carol Oates). If it were a service merely to look selfishness, in Slocum's phrase, "squarely in the eye," however dulled that eye, then *Something Happened* would rank as a serious contribution to modernism. But in fact it looks at selfishness askew, indulgently, and conceals beneath its clever surface a diagnostic ineptitude.

Its narrative procedure, if daring, is another trial. The book is divided into heavy blocks of subject matter—a section each on the office, the unhappy wife, the unhappy daughter, and so on. Over these Slocum twines tendrilly escapes, long parentheses of remembrance and reflection. Accordingly the novel is almost totally without dramatic impulse and significance—a "closed room." In a mishandled, undersized "climax," one of the children dies as a result of Slocum's panicky protectiveness, and Slocum reacts by taking instant "command" of his difficult new position in the company. The irony of this—the expected catastrophe, the unexpected bullish recovery—is really not worth a moment's contemplation. It is an unintended, great flat note.

Although *Something Happened* fails to justify its frequent repetitiveness or its interior ordering, still, to give it its due, it proves readable, largely because of its gritty perceptions. The middle class—in its offices, its homes—has seldom been so remorselessly observed. All the same, how chafing that the book should rest content with what could not, after all, have taken much effort to discern. "Where is the frame of reference now for any of us that extends even the distance to the horizon, only eighteen miles away?" Even as it tries to illustrate this disease, *Something Happened* suffers from it. It allows the reader to see, but as if with blinkers, and close and hard is the pavement beneath its plodding feet. □

NAMES FOR FIVE DEAD NAVAJOS

Quarantined Wind.
Surveyor with a Knife for a Compass.
Luminous Antlers of Christ.
Scrub Oak Deaf in Each Leaf.
Cactus Lit by Squad Car Beacons.

Five dirt mounds by the roadside.

John Eskow

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FILM FESTIVAL Harold Clurman

Alain Tanner, the director of *The Middle of the World*, one of the better pictures at the 12th New York Film Festival (Lincoln Center) has issued a brochure to help us understand what he has done: "The content is the form." It worries me, however, that the form of this film does not really embody its content. Tanner goes on for pages—and he may have been assisted in this by his highly intelligent collaborator (on the film script) John Berger—explaining his aims through a *précis* of his characters and of his *esthétique* under such headings as "Technique and Ideology," "The Spectacle and the Meaning."

Tanner's film method is elliptic—which is also true in several of the other interesting films among the seven I have seen up to now. The elliptic style signifies an abstention from or an omission of specific evidence in telling a story or in making a sociological situation or individual psychology wholly lucid or logically convincing. This is very nearly a basic tenet of ultra modernism. Art is not logic, mathematics or science. What can be demonstrated or proved, according to this disposition, must either be banal or vulgar.

To a certain degree I accept this premise. It does not trouble me that Joyce, Kafka, Picasso, Eliot and Beckett are not so readily grasped as Balzac, Renoir or Proust. Despite our difficulty with the strangeness of much in modern art we experience a sense of its reality. The same should be even truer in films. The imagery employed must possess a vital life, must absorb us, stir our unconscious into a super-consciousness.

Having said this—and I shall return to Tanner's picture later—I must state flatly that several of the experimental films at the Festival thus far are of a kind that explode in our face and leave little but a bad odor. But there were still others which, while technically well made and worthy in subject matter, suffer from a rather self-indulgent ambiguity—intellectual or aesthetic—which has become almost habitual with more than a few superior film makers.

Of these films Louis Malle's *Lacombe, Lucien* is at once the most realistic and probably the most accomplished. It begins with a quotation from Santayana to the effect that those who fail to remember the past are destined to repeat it. The past we are to remember is not only Hitlerism but ignorant collaboration with it. Lucien Lacombe is a muscular young peasant boob who, when his offer to enlist in the Resistance is rejected, joins the French military police working with the Nazis. Lucien has always enjoyed killing animals with his hands or a gun. He has a ball lapping up champagne with the thugs of the *milice* and terrorizing the humble country folk in his region. Though it is near the end of the war, 1944, he apparently is totally unaware that his gang is now doomed—even when his mother comes to town to warn him of the fact. There are other minor discrepancies (minor to American viewers, not to the French), such as the police headquarters which serve not only as torture chambers but as café-bars and quasi-brothels.

The main action shows Lucien, an "innocent" brute, "falling in love," that is to say, becoming sexually aggressive with a Jewish girl. Her father, formerly a fashionable Parisian tailor, and her grandmother are in hiding under the protection bought from one of the Frenchmen associated with the police. The girl—she is named France—at first resists Lucien, but he grows gentle with her, buys her presents and so she yields to him ever more willingly. Her father, though he is rather ashamed of himself but unable to prevent the seduction of his daughter, says that he cannot bring himself to hate Lucien. After the father's arrest and deportation to a concentration camp, we last see France and her grandmother in flight from the Nazis. France and Lucien for the moment dwell in a kind of idyllic back-to-nature peace in the woods. The final image fades out and we read a title that Lucien soon after was executed by the Resistance.

What the film finally conveys is that many, perhaps most, of the collaborators did not know what they were doing and were led into committing the grossest villainies out of sheer stupidity and ignorance. There is a kind of forgiveness in this; but what about the declared theme, Santayana's warning? Are we to infer that since most folk are as dumb as Lucien we shall see the same thing happen over and over again, though some of them may be touched and softened by "love"? We cannot say, nor will the director tell.

The picture is well cast with a nonactor as Lucien and two very good actors, Holger Lowenadler as France's father and Theresa Giehse as the grandmother. But there is something emotionally mute in the picture, as if Lucien's obtuseness and the director's oblique sympathy with him prevent any real sense of the sorrow and the pity to emerge.

Alain Resnais' *Stavisky* is a handsome film which purports to visualize the passing of the era of hectic "happiness" in France between the two wars. The actual story line—told with much monotonously fancy cross-cutting and shifts backward and forward in time—is based on the infamous Stavisky scandal of the mid-1930s. Stavisky was one of those fabulous, high-living, crooked "financiers" who made and lost fortunes with the aid of the upper strata of the Establishment, including police, sharks of commerce, politicians and members of the Chamber of Deputies.

Resnais assures us that his characters are not really the well-known people in the historic scandal. But this is a dodge. The picture is so full of general implications that very little is actually dramatized. All that is unmistakably revealed is that the French *haute bourgeoisie* was thoroughly corrupt—a conclusion that Balzac had reached a century earlier.

Yet it is evident that Resnais wishes to say more. There are several "asides": Trotsky is shown during his exile in

KISSINGER
AND HIS MIDEAST SCHEME

Leading Washington officials are convinced that "a new Arab-Israeli war within six to eight months" is in the making. While the Pentagon sells four billion dollars worth of modern arms to the oil-producing Arab countries, Washington hesitates to make an arms commitment to Israel. Evans and Novak reported in their column of Sept. 18 that "both Kissinger and Defense Secretary James Schlesinger agree in opposing Israel's vast arms demand on the U.S." While Ford feints "friendship" for Israel, Kissinger's Realpolitik satisfies the ambitions of the Arabs and assures skyrocketing profits for the U.S. oil cartel.

A new war in the Middle East will come as no surprise to those who have read a book widely circulated in Washington since May 1974: **THE ROAD TO TREASON.** It accused Nixon and Kissinger of having plotted the October War with Anwar Sadat and manipulating the worldwide oil "crisis" with King Faisal. Neither Nixon nor Kissinger has refuted the charges of treasonable conduct against the American people and the betrayal of the Israelis, a scandal far greater than any known Watergate offense. Ford closed hastily the book on Watergate because if evidence in the White House tapes from February to June 1973 were made public, it would disclose plans for the Arab War as a diversion from Watergate. The charge of treason could have been added to Nixon's other criminal offenses.

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France. What has this to do with the story's main drift? There is presumed to be irony or pathos in the presence of the pure and dedicated revolutionary ordered out of France while the country is rotten-ready for a great upheaval. The implication also is that if Trotsky had remained in France he might have guided the Left during the February riots of 1936, and its first overt struggle with the Fascists. The event itself is not shown, and Trotsky—made absurd by a silly piece of casting—could not possibly have altered the trend of the times.

All this is still window dressing. The heart of the matter is the "mystery" of Stavisky's character. He is a foreigner—the insulting French term is *métèque*—of Russian-Jewish origin whose father, an honest little merchant, committed suicide because of his son's criminal behavior. Stavisky is set forth as an imaginative, pleasure-loving, markedly romantic scapegrace who gets his kicks out of living dangerously. He has no roots and, most important, suffers from a death wish. Is this due to guilt feelings, alienation, despair, pathology? We never learn; there are only hints. What we see aims at many targets without hitting any in a conclusive fashion. The performances by Belmondo, Périer and especially Boyer are as slick as can be, but they hardly enunciate the picture's theme or create any atmosphere except that of luxurious wealth and meaningless movement.

Robert Bresson's *Lancelot of the Lake* is, as usual with this uncompromisingly austere director, most serious. The ostensible subject is the end of the age of chivalry: the period after the return of King Arthur's knights from their crusade in quest of the Holy Grail. All through the film we hear the clank of armor. When Lancelot and his companions have met their death in internecine rivalry we see them lying about looking like a heap of refuse in a junk shop—more tin than steel.

Though the symbolism is abstruse, the idea and image are striking. What Bresson, a deeply religious artist, is trying to impart is something more than the matter of gallantry's decay. All noble ventures, he wants to tell us, end in violent dissension and empty rattle. Lancelot is the most heroic of the lot but he, too, has sinned through the flesh and through pride so that he cannot avoid the decline into what is almost as ridiculous as it is pathetic. This is Bresson's pessimistic and fatalistic view of the human condition.

Here and there the picture is visually eloquent, as it is always lofty in intention. But so much of it is so persistently dark and depressed, so obdurately resistant to anything but the most laconic utterance in speech or gesture that it forfeits the possibility of that pleasure which tragedy as much as any other mode must offer.

To return to *The Middle of the World*: it is the story of an affair between a pleasant middle-class engineer of peasant parentage and an Italian waitress at the bar of a hotel in a small country town in central Switzerland, thought of as "the middle of the world"—also suggestive through the film's title of the "norm" of Western civilization. The young man is sincerely enamored of the girl, treats her kindly, on her account even neglects his chance to be elected to a government post, and is eager to divorce his wife and marry the waitress, buy a proper home for her to live in, etc. But the girl, who seems to like him a lot and responds to him enthusiastically in the act of love, finally decides to leave the town and him—and then takes a job in a Zurich factory. Why? Because, as we assume and Tanner tells us explicitly in his program notes, the man, limited by his environment and its normal bourgeois habit of life, fails, for all his good will, to realize that the girl wants to be *known* more profoundly than through the satisfaction of their sexual or possible marital relationship. She wants to be something more than the object of his desire or protection. She wants to grow and change; he presumably cannot do so or guess at what she unwittingly seeks.

As idea, all this is to the good, though now almost commonplace. But most of the picture is devoted to repeated and very agreeably handled scenes of love-making interspersed with shots of the unchanging natural surroundings. The girl occasionally says she wishes to be by herself; he doesn't quite understand this, but acquiesces. We also see her take a long, carefree walk alone in a larger town. A voice-over instructs us that she doesn't know what she wants, only what she doesn't want.

It is true that the girl is supposed to be largely inarticulate. But if the *form* of the picture were right in its visual specifics we would learn more about her than we can now gather from hearsay. We could intuit her state of being in the enacted minutiae of her *behavior*. In the elliptic treatment of the picture's material we must assume that the man can't develop because of his bourgeois mentality and that the girl is seeking to become a true person —an assumption which springs from a definite ideology with which we may abstractly concur but which in a film

PIRATE POEM

Behind the mountain's belly-button
(press it and it lets you in)
pirates hid ten chests of gold
guarded by a skeleton.

In one scanty hand he held
a sword upraised to strike you down;
the other clutched a blanching skull
the mirror-likeness of his own.

Above, on the fresh mountainside
where austral breezes stirred sparse shrubs,
couched in a higher, cooler cave
a she-bear nursed her huddled cubs.

The pirates went their several ways:
some were hanged and some were drowned
and some retired as country men,
but one returned to that far ground

twenty years later, found the navel,
pressed it—and it let him in—
stepped across the threshold, saw
by torch's light the skeleton,

who gently set down skull and sword,
stood up, stretched out imploring hands . . .
The other turned and fled. And fell—
and bleached white on the island sands.

Frederick Morgan

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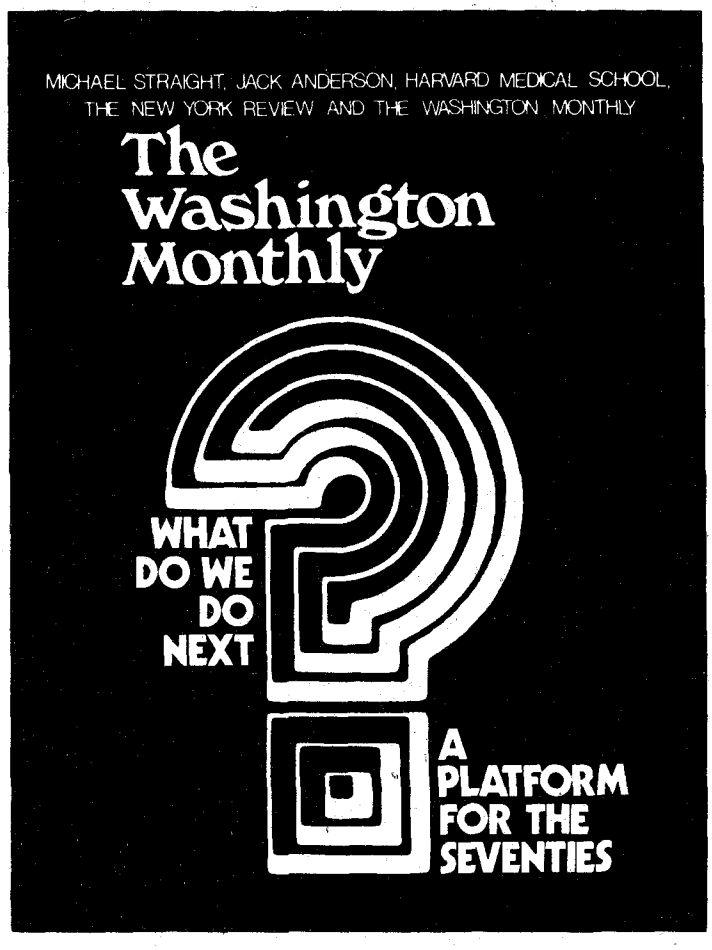
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must be given cinematic substance even if only in silent action.

The Middle of the World is well-acted throughout by an entirely likable cast. Olimpia Carlisi, an Italian actress fluent in French, is particularly winning because she is not only very attractive but also quietly and naturally expressive. □

(To be continued)

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Not far from the Barbara Hepworth sculpture at the U.N. (*The Nation*, September 21) is the Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden. It is at the southeast corner of the intersection of Second Avenue and 47th Street. There have been sculptures here by others, including Robert Murray, Claes Oldenburg, Lila Katzen and Alexander Liberman, all within the customary range of hardware.

Recently, sculpture by Anne Healy introduced material change: she uses fabric. Distant viewing conditions across Second Avenue showed it just behind a tree and under a cantilevered traffic light. It is a portal, about 15 feet high, placed on a podium, somewhat above street level, reached by steps from two sides. The fabric is stretched on a frame, sharp-cornered like the architecture around, but dark red and dark blue. The sculpture flattens to a thin slice as you mount the steps but opens out again on the plaza as you walk toward it. The shiny fabric is fluted like the curtains that used to mask movie screens and it rustles in the wind. It is supported on four shiny steel struts and four guy ropes, a structural candor typical of Healy's directness.

Once on the plaza level you see more of her work behind the flow of reflections in the glass of the foyer. Two broad strips of nylon cloth, one blue and orange, one orange and green, plunge from ceiling to floor, where they criss-cross and surround a pillar before culminating in two large arrowheads. They are fixed only at the point of suspension and run loosely across the floor. In addition there is a big blue disc, made of three nylon cloth panels, suspended at eight points, back from the windows, and so less visible than the long banners which are set against the glass. Healy has achieved a spatial distribution of planes of color in logical variations: first a free-standing, though flat, piece; then the hanging and crossing of the banners in three-dimensional space; and the blue disc, parallel to the wall of the building but not touching it. The disc is therefore a kind of relief-sculpture, taut like the outside piece, rather than taking its own form by means of weight and gravity like the banners.

The sequence of three pieces is arranged in time, so that the spectator, in walking around, is aware of expectations and delays. The sculptures are nodes at which our paths change direction. The succession of the portal (outside) and the wall- and floor-occupying forms in the lobby (inside), activate the area handsomely but without bulk. It is an extension, into larger scale and into geometric form, of the tent- or pavilion-like forms of Healy's earlier work. Their interplay of a veiled inner space and a soft outer form is developed environmentally.

This work avoids the problem raised by the Hepworth down the street; that is a monument dedicated to Dag Hammarskjöld but to me its commemorative function is unclear. Healy's work carries no significative intention beyond that implicit in her work as a whole. If it signified something beyond the decisions of the artist herself in response to the given zone, it would have to be the benefits of corporate patronage (in this case Linda and Harry Macklowe, the owners of the building). This is a fact of the commission, but it is not the content of the work which maintains Healy's concerns with space and transparency and of unexpectedly resolute fragilities of material.

Geometry has different meanings in Abstract painting of the last twenty years. After the Abstract Expressionists, for example, who used little geometry, a new tendency appeared in which geometric form is conspicuous though often unavowed. The reticence about geometry has to do, partly, with American artists not wanting to appear beholden to their European predecessors, and partly to a shift in the way of using geometry. Initially, the horizontal and vertical lines and the primary colors of Mondrian represented a shattering reduction of the formal resources of painting, but as time went on it emerged that Mondrian deployed the right angle according to a canon of asymmetry. That is to say, he retained a base in complexity. Most of the Abstract art that appeared between the wars (such as the work of the Abstraction-Création group in Paris and the American Abstract Artists group here) was similarly based on a notion of diversified bits and pieces, contrasting rather than unified. The influence of the later Kandinsky, with his restless inventory of intricate geometric parts, compounded Mondrian's asymmetry.

Thus Abstract painters after the war were faced with the problem of solidifying their art, in opposition to the open, gestural surface of Abstract Expressionism, but without perpetuating a fussy mode of geometry. Several painters took the step of returning Abstract painting to its theoretical purity of means, dismissing the intervening phase of elaborated geometry. This act of reduction and condensation was made by, among others, Josef Albers, Max Bill (at present on view in a big show at the Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo) and Alexander Liberman. "The Circle Paintings 1950-1964" is the title of an exhibition of his work at Emmerich uptown (until October 23), a compilation of hard, clear pictures of great visual bite. These early geometric paintings are not as well-known as they should be, either for their historical priority or for their incisive visual presence. There are two reasons for this neglect: one lies with Liberman's development, which has seemed to veer somewhat between geometric and expressionistic forms of painting and sculpture; the other is that the tolerance of the New York art world, though endlessly extendable to people like Tony Shafrazi (the "Guernica" vandal) finds it harder to forgive Liberman for being the editorial director of Condé Nast.

Liberman's early geometrics, in which he used large, completely symmetrical, legible forms are remarkable. The components are pre-known, though subject to the corrosion of after-images and color vibration. He cuts back on the value of the invention of forms, previously esteemed as a prime test of the artist. Obviously his use of a symmetrical image necessitated planning the picture in advance, from which Liberman extrapolated the next step, that of having the picture fabricated. The sentiment against traces of handling, so strong in the 1960s, is clearly anticipated in these works, in which concepts are embodied in emphatic but depersonalized images. Equally, those paintings which the artist did himself have no more expressive value than those he did not touch personally. This unsentimental dismissal of "touch" was salutory, though not sufficiently emulated, as we know from the later history of Abstract art in general, including Liberman. Its future turned out to lie in Conceptual art rather than Abstract painting. □

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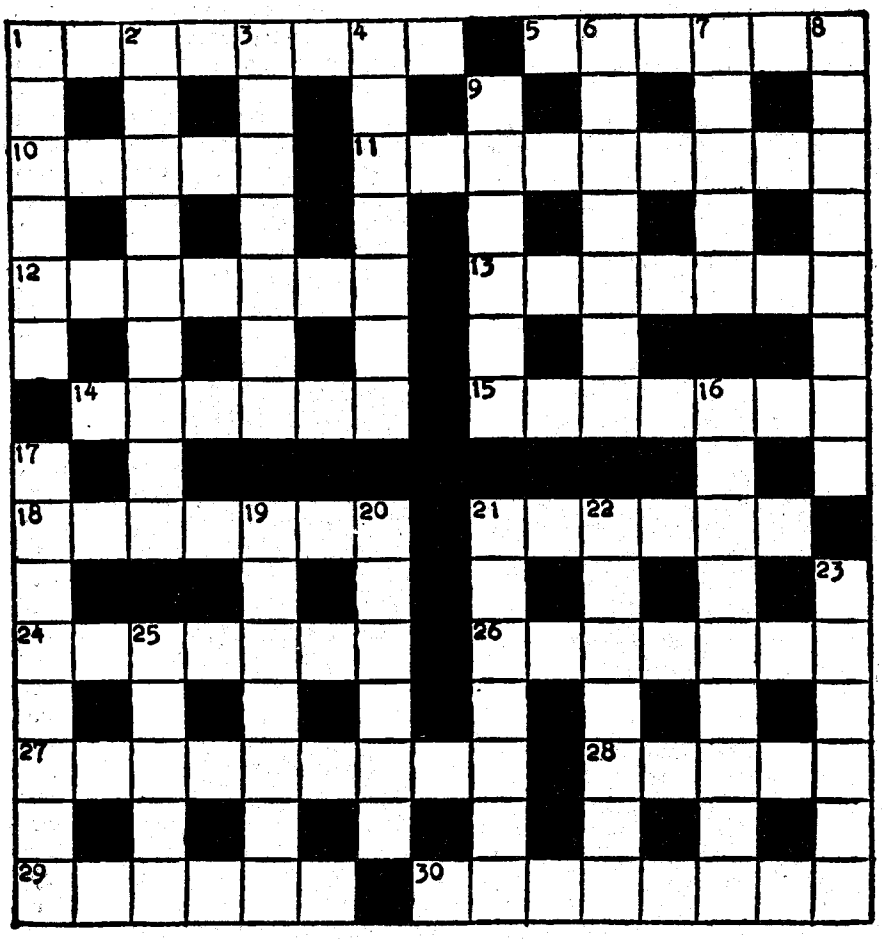

ACROSS

1 and 5 It might be so-so, with nothing lost thereby. (8,6)
10 and 11 A couple of ways clothes might be dried wouldn't be very gentle! (5-3-6)
12 The antithesis of a spendthrift. (7)
13 Contrariwise, island fishing gear might be held. (7)
14 June is supposed to be the 24 one. (6)
15 Such things might tickle you. (7)
18 The call to take part? (One goes around unaccompanied.) (7)
21 You might get one in just a shake. (6)
24 Lit up an unusual kind of ceremony in church, perhaps. (7)
26 A looser type of bomb could still be deadly for the intended victims. (7)
27 Shake, mate, shake! And be quick about it! (4,5)
28 The resin of timeless ebbing. (5)
29 One might be barely presentable, nowadays. (6)
30 Carry on a shifty law business with a little obscuration, by the sound of it. (8)

DOWN

1 Descriptive of the 17 on the 23-21. (6)
2 Their object might be avoidance of duty. (9)
3 What one does with the course of yesterday, if there's a mix-up? (7)
4 A substitute in the worst (and in the best) sense. (5-2)
6 Guiana's a strange (but logical) place to find them. (7)
7 Perhaps dated, but wealthy. (5)
8 Were perhaps Belgians only so faithful? (8)
9 On paper, at least, he may have authority. (6)
16 Would its contents be measured by volume? (9)
17 Pushed west by Greeley? (5,3)
19 In as far from heavy condition as comes down? (7)
20 Silent way to be a potential server. (6)
21 You might expect to find the 23 type in the circus. (7)
22 Frank might find the listener at home. (7)
23 Escaping what the ace won't be, if captured. (6)
25 Perhaps the investigator did, but was certainly slow about it. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1555

ACROSS: 1 Stage fright; 9, 10, 24 and 14 Back to the drawing-board; 11 Noon; 12 Creator; 15 Innuendo; 16 Tagged; 18 Scents; 21 Rhubarbs; 26 Biparty; 28 and 30 Cornices; 29 Lasso; 31 East Germany. DOWN: 2, 8 and 23 Take a turn for the better; 3 and 13 Get down to facts; 4 Fits; 5 Ice-boat; 6 Henna; 7 Barren; 17 Gradation; 19 Carton; 20 Singlet; 22 Uniform; 25 Wanda; 27 Isle.

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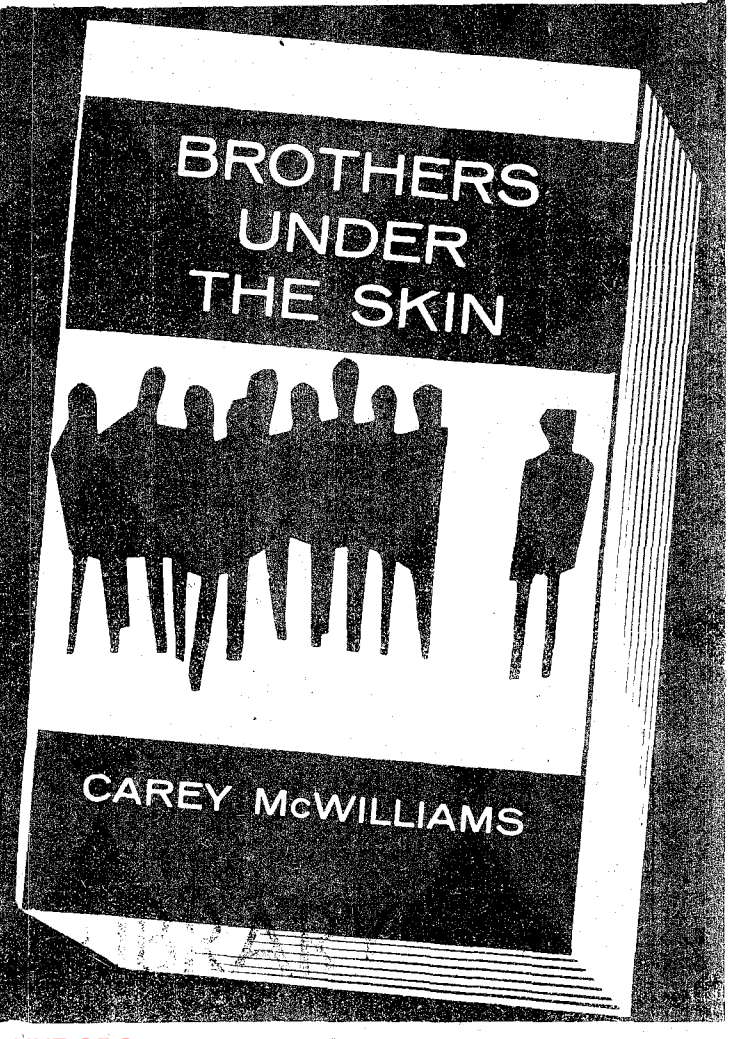

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